

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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**BELGIUM'S FUTURE QUEEN ARRIVES IN HER NEW HOMELAND: PRINCESS ASTRID OF SWEDEN (WITH HER PARENTS) WAVING TO HER BRIDEGROOM FROM THE DECK OF THE "FYLGIA," AT ANTWERP.**

The civil marriage of Princess Astrid of Sweden (daughter of Prince Carl and Princess Ingeborg, and niece of King Gustav) to the Crown Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant (elder son of the King and Queen of the Belgians) took place in Stockholm on November 4. After it, the Belgian Royal Family, including Prince Leopold, left for Gothenburg, and returned to Belgium in the "Marie José,"

landing at Ostend. The bride and her family went to Malmö, and embarked later in the Swedish cruiser "Fylgia," which brought them to Antwerp on November 8. The religious ceremony was arranged to take place in Brussels, at the Church of Ste. Gudule, on November 10. In the above photograph, Princess Astrid is seen with her parents on deck waving to the Prince before she landed.—[PHOTO. CENTRAL PRESS.]



# THE ROYAL WEDDING IN STOCKHOLM: BRIDE, GROOM, AND RELATIVES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FAEGER, C.N., AND P. AND A.



1. SHOWING THE BRIDE AND GROOM (CENTRE, BACK ROW), THE KINGS OF NORWAY, BELGIUM, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK (L. TO R., TO RIGHT), AND QUEENS OF DENMARK (SEATED 4TH FROM LEFT) AND BELGIUM (3RD FROM RIGHT): A STOCKHOLM GROUP.



2. A WEDDING GROUP: (L. TO R.) PRINCE CARL OF SWEDEN, THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, AND THE KING OF SWEDEN.



3. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM AND PRINCESS ASTRID OF SWEDEN, IN A MYRTLE CROWN.



4. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WITH BRIDESMAIDS AND GROOMSMEN: A GROUP INCLUDING PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ (BROTHER AND SISTER OF THE BRIDEGROOM), PRINCESS MARTHA (SISTER OF THE BRIDE), AND THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY.



5. THE CIVIL WEDDING: THE BURGOMASTER OF STOCKHOLM, M. LINDHAGEN (ON LEFT, FACING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM), PERFORMING THE CEREMONY, AND THE ROYAL GUESTS BEYOND.



6. THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE OPERA IN STOCKHOLM: (L. TO R., CENTRE) THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, PRINCE LEOPOLD (BRIDEGROOM), PRINCESS ASTRID (BRIDE), THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, AND PRINCESS INGEBORG.

The civil ceremony in the wedding of Prince Leopold of Belgium and Princess Astrid of Sweden took place in Stockholm, on November 4, as noted on page 917. In photograph No. 1 are (left to right)—standing: the Royal Forester Castenschiold, Prince Bernadotte, Princess Dagmar of Denmark, Prince Gustav of Denmark, Princess Helene of Denmark, Prince Knud of Denmark, Prince Harald of Denmark, Princess Feodora of Denmark, Prince Carl of Sweden (father of the bride), Princess Astrid (the bride), Prince Leopold of Belgium (the bridegroom), Prince Eugene of Sweden, King Haakon of Norway, Prince Axel of Denmark, King Albert of the Belgians (the bridegroom's father), King Gustav of Sweden, King Christian of Denmark, Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, and Prince Charles of

Belgium (the bridegroom's brother); seated—Princess Bernadotte, Princess Thyra of Denmark, Princess Martha of Sweden (bride's sister), the Queen of Denmark, Princess Margaretha (wife of Prince Axel), Princess Marie José (the bridegroom's sister), the Queen of the Belgians (the bridegroom's mother), Princess Ingeborg of Sweden (the bride's mother), and Princess Ingrid, daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden; on ground in front—the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Prince Bertil of Sweden, Prince Gustav Adolph of Sweden, Prince Carl of Sweden (the bride's brother), and Prince Sigvard of Sweden. In the evening there was a gala performance at the Opera, and the royal party occupied the whole of the first tier. Stockholm had never before seen such a gathering of royalties.



# THE BELGIAN-SWEDISH ROYAL WEDDING: THE CIVIL CEREMONY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.



THE CIVIL MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM AND PRINCESS ASTRID OF SWEDEN :  
THE SCENE IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT STOCKHOLM.

The civil marriage of the Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium, Duke of Brabant, and Princess Astrid, daughter of Prince Carl of Sweden, and niece of the King of Sweden, took place at Stockholm, on November 4, in the Throne Room of the Royal Palace, where many important events in Swedish history have occurred. The ceremony was performed by the Burgomaster of Stockholm before an assemblage of some 1200 guests, the ladies in white Court dresses and the men in

uniform. The royal party, on the dais at the far end of the hall, included four Kings (those of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark) and two Queens (Belgium and Denmark). The bride and bridegroom are seen sitting in the centre between the bridegroom's parents, the King and Queen of the Belgians, next to whom are the bride's parents. After the ceremony an epithalamium was sung from the gallery, and the royal party adjourned for the reception.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. H. L. MENCKEN has written a book called "Democracy," as Mr. Sinclair Lewis wrote a book called "Babbitt," and perhaps the two titles stand for very much the same thing. Both these ingenious writers devote their considerable talents to making game of government by what Whitman would have called The Average Man, but what Babbitt would have called The Regular Guy. But, though they both make a fine protest against provincialism, there is a sense in which their protest itself is too provincial. The very largeness of America isolates and therefore imprisons them. For it is large things that really limit us, because they prevent us even from seeing anything beyond. A man can be more provincial on a prairie than in a prison, for in the former the very horizon is provincial, while in the latter the light through the little barred window always seems to come from the ends of the earth. Even the democracy dotted over the prairies does not consist entirely of Babbitts; still less does the great American history, which has contained scenes and landmarks as remote from Main Street as the Spanish Main.

For instance, the life of Old Dixie, or the traditional South, has left us a fragment of pure tradition in the folklore of Uncle Remus. I, for one, certainly prefer Brer Rabbit to Brer Babbitt. And may I, here and now, with all the thunderous emphasis and passionate publicity of American advertisers, with big drums, trumpets, rockets, aeroplanes, and sky-signs, announce and declare to ten thousand writers and ten million talkers of this ignorant generation, that it was *not* Brer Rabbit who lay low and said nuffin'; that it was the Tar Baby who said nuffin' and Brer Fox who lay low; and that I am unable to lie low, or for one moment longer to continue saying nuffin', in face of this atrocious travesty of what ought to be a household word, a piece of literature at once so human and so unique. Grimm's Fairy Tales were by far the greatest things that ever came out of Germany; and it may yet prove that Joel Chandler Harris's collection of negro fairy-tales is the greatest thing that ever came out of America.

Anyhow, this is not the only example of what I mean: that a man may become a little too like a Philistine even in the course of slaying hundreds of Philistines. On some matters I think Mr. Mencken allows the large scale of America to outweigh the balance of history. For instance, he says that, despite the exception of France, a democratic society always tends to be a Puritan society. But France is not by any means the only exception. And I think I could find exceptions enough to upset the rule. In the great classical case of democracy *versus* aristocracy in pagan antiquity, for instance, in the case of Athens *versus* Sparta, the case was certainly the other way. If either of them could be called Puritan, it was the oligarchy. It is true that Puritanism probably became rather a hollow sham; but Mr. Mencken would be the first to agree that Puritanism generally does. I do not think it could be shown that mediæval Florence, let us say, was more Puritan than the more purely feudal mediæval States; and I am sure that the tradition of that old Latin citizenship in the Mediterranean cities to-day is not Puritan at all. Certainly the seventeenth-century Parliamentarians were Puritans. But then the seventeenth-century Parliamentarians were not democrats. They were at the start the very worst sort of aristocrats—the men who had seized the abbey lands. Later, there was, indeed, a certain parade of the republican forms, but that also was pretty thin. Certainly the people ruled least when the Puritans ruled most. It is not that democrats always tend to be Puritans;

it is rather that Puritans always pretend to be democrats.

I think Mr. Mencken attributes a good many things to democracy that are rather peculiar to American democracy, or at least to industrial democracy—if it is democracy. For instance, that flat standardisation, that stale repetition, of which he rightly complains, is really rather the effect of machinery. But machinery has no more to do with democracy than with demonology—if so much. Some of the purest democracies are simple village communes that have never seen a machine. On the contrary, in so far as machinery implies morality, or some moral view of social life, it implies the anti-democratic view. It implies that things will be in the hands of the few and not the many. As long as men walk, they can all walk where they choose. But the people



A ROYAL EMBRACE: PRINCESS ASTRID OF SWEDEN WELCOMED ON LANDING AT ANTWERP BY THE CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM, A FEW DAYS BEFORE THEIR WEDDING IN BRUSSELS—(ON RIGHT) THE BRIDE'S PARENTS, PRINCE CARL AND PRINCESS INGEBORG OF SWEDEN.

After their civil marriage in Stockholm (illustrated in this number) Princess Astrid and Prince Leopold parted for a time, and went by different routes to Belgium, for the religious marriage in Ste. Gudule's Church at Brussels on November 10. Prince Leopold reached Belgium first, and was waiting on the quay at Antwerp when his bride arrived, with her parents, in the Swedish cruiser "Fylgia" on November 8. As the Princess set foot on the gangway to come ashore, the Prince, advancing to meet his bride, embraced and kissed her before the assembled multitude. The incident aroused unbounded enthusiasm.

Photograph by Central Press.

in a railway-carriage cannot all be engine-drivers; nor can even the four or five people in a motor-car be each provided with a steering-wheel. All centralised systems mean the rule of the few; and industrial machinery is the most centralised of all systems. If the modern American really wants to know what his fathers meant by democracy, he will never learn it from a Ford car. He must make the supreme and awful sacrifice. He must get out and walk.

Unless I am much mistaken, modern people are going to have a reaction against democracy before they have tried it. We are always being told that the present system in highly organised industrial states is democracy; and, that being so, it is hardly to be wondered at that democracy has become unpopular. But it is not really true that popular government has become unpopular. It is rather that people have ceased to think that in either sense our government is popular. The truth is that those who developed the democratic doctrine in modern times did not intend it for anything at all resembling the modern world. They intended it for a very ancient world; perhaps the most ancient of all possible worlds. They thought of the agricultural commonwealths of antiquity, and went back past even the Roman Empire to find the Roman Republic. But Rome was a republic when Rome was a village. These eighteenth-century idealists often actually lived in villages; always in countries that were dotted with villages. They did not know what sort of a world of steam and steel their descendants were going to inherit. The French Revolution came before the Industrial Revolution. They were perpetually talking about the citizen; but they thought of him as a citizen and not merely as something in the city. They certainly had no conception of the colossal and complicated thing that we now mean by a city.

It is highly characteristic of the tone of the eighteenth century that they generally talked of London as "the town." They said: "All the town is talking about my Lord Banglebury's duel with Mr. Pickles." In the sound and sense of the word there was something compact and comfortable; as of a world still small enough to know itself, like a village. When these people talked about democracy they did indeed mean, doubtless, the government of the people, by the people, for the people. But they meant the government of people they knew, by people they knew, for people they knew. They meant the government of people who knew each other, by people who knew each other, for people who knew each other. I think it highly doubtful whether any of the eighteenth-century democratic theorists, whether Payne or Jefferson or Condorcet, would have expected a vast and vague society like ours to be a democracy. I think they would have thought it, however reluctantly, a case for Cæsar and the *panem et circenses*. But it is not, of course, merely the material side of society that has upset such calculations. It is much more the moral factor; which is also, in every sense, alas! a very material factor. It is what the scientific, or those who think themselves scientific, always call the economic factor. It can be expressed better in one word; and that word is not democracy but plutocracy.

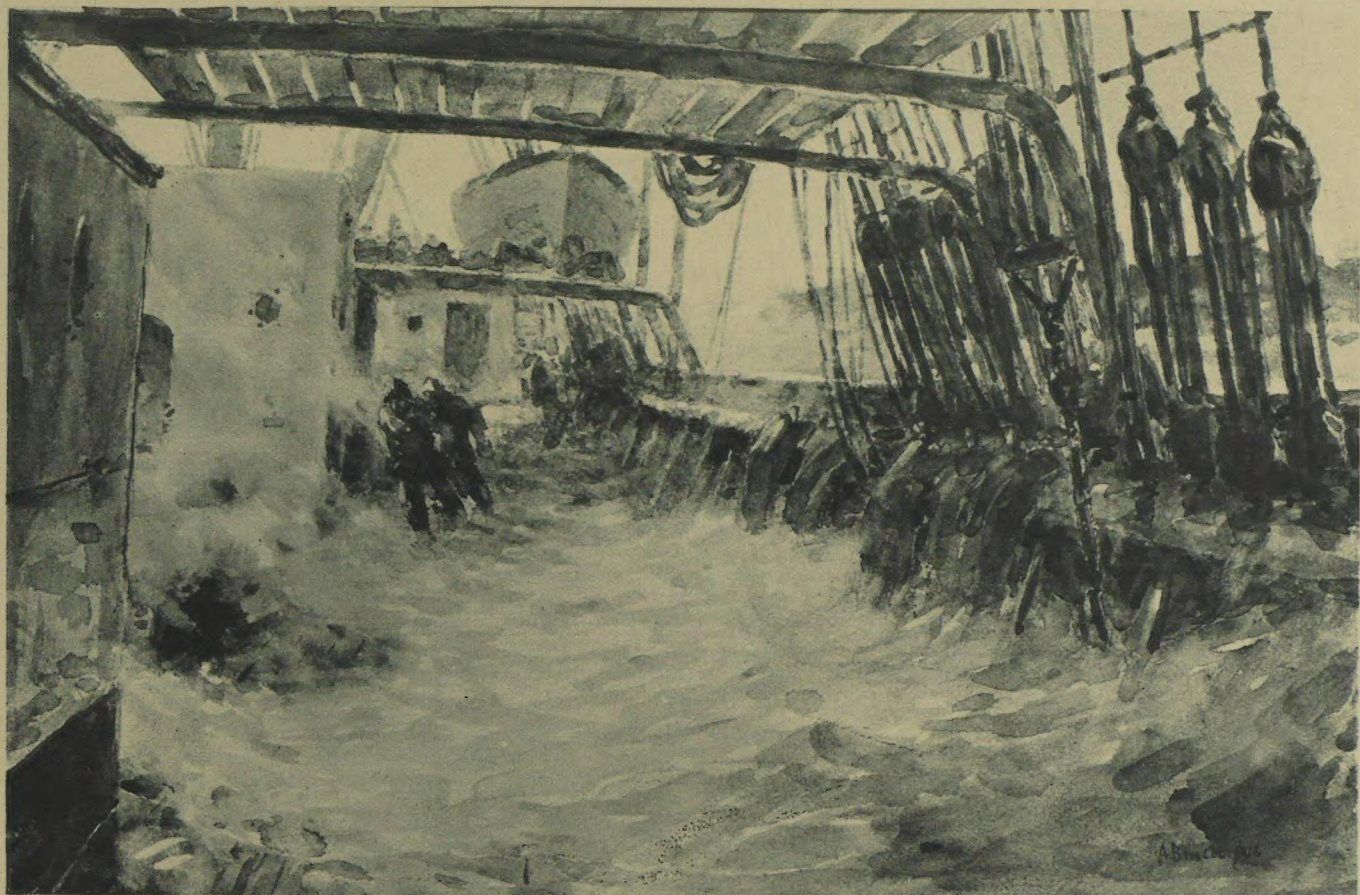
It must always be remembered that the scale of financial action was then smaller even for the rich. The Court of Versailles did not handle such sums as any stockjobber will now waste on a week's luxury. Kings and queens were richer relatively and not positively. And the size of economic operations to-day is a new and abnormal power in the history of the world. It covers much more of the surface of the world. It is international where the old luxury was almost local. But this vulgar and sprawling plutocracy does not deserve to be called a democracy, even by one who uses it as a term of abuse. The old classic spirit of democracy is much more present in the independent citizen who is ready to resist it; so that in this respect Mr. Mencken himself is much more like the Stoic and Tribune admired by the Fathers of the Republic. Perhaps he will consider this also a term of abuse.



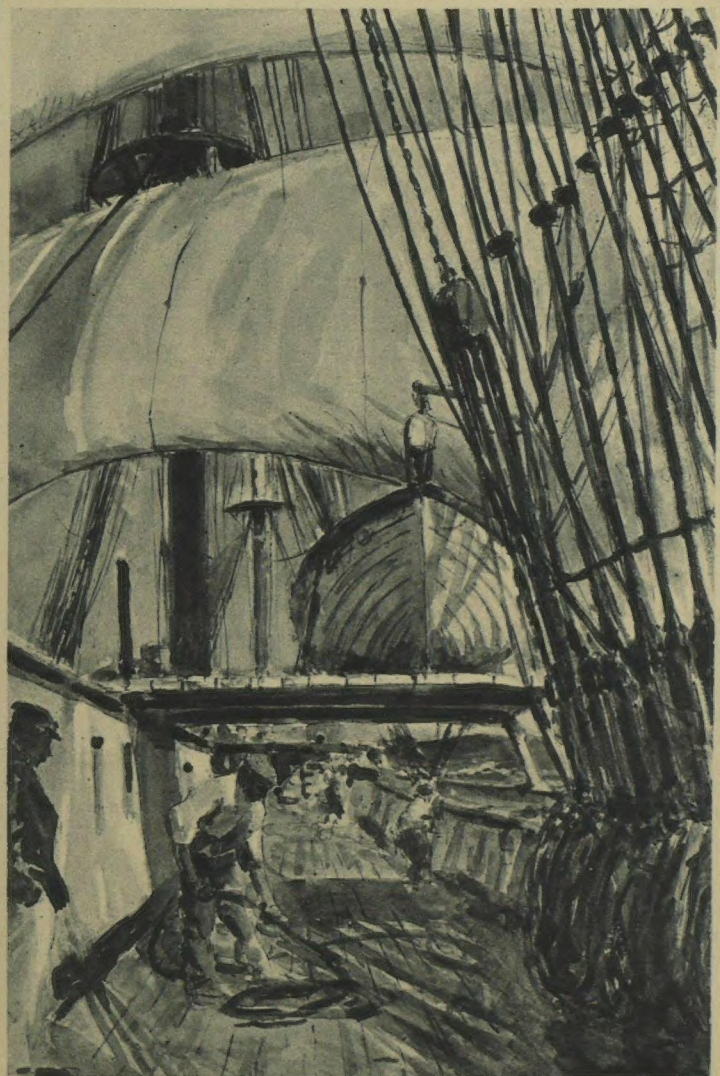
# "SQUARE RIGGED—FORE AND AFT": A "SALT-WATER" ARTIST'S PAINTINGS.

REPRODUCED FROM PICTURES SHOWN AT THE ARTHUR BRISCOE EXHIBITION, AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S, NEW BOND STREET.

BY AN ARTIST  
FAMED AS A  
MARINE PAINTER  
AND ETCHER:  
"DRIVING HER."



"POWER MAY PRODUCE A TYPE, BUT SAIL HAS AND DOES BREED MEN": "ON A WIND."



BY ONE WHO HAS "DONE THE JOB" HIMSELF: "COILING DOWN"—A BRISCOE WATER-COLOUR.

Our readers will recall with pleasure the etchings by Mr. Arthur Briscoe which have appeared in our pages. We are glad to be able to illustrate the same artist's outstanding abilities as a painter. That Mr. Briscoe knows the sea and its ways and the ship in all its beauty is not to be wondered at, for he is not only an experienced yachtsman, but during the war he commanded various coast-defence craft. He has, indeed, spent half his time afloat, and wandered all over the world in every variety of vessel; and he holds that no

one can draw, with conviction and truth, a man, say, furling a top-sail, unless he has done the job himself. He writes on nautical subjects under the pen-name, Clove Hitch. The paintings here reproduced are on show, with others of his paintings and a collection of his etchings, at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society, in his exhibition entitled "Square Rigged—Fore and Aft," which the Right Hon. Walter Runciman opened on Thursday, November 4. Art-lovers—especially those interested in nautical subjects—should not fail to visit it.





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## ORNAMENTAL VEGETABLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

BY what perversity of judgment is it that we have come universally to despise what is beautiful so soon as we discover that it is also useful, as if the two were hopelessly incompatible? Our flower-gardens bear witness to this strange aberration. We cherish plants in our flower-borders for the beauty of their foliage alone. Yet think of the scorn—nay, horror, that would be aroused by anyone who displayed such "Philistinism" as to suggest that carrots and asparagus should find a place there! We plant hawthorns, almond, and the flowering cherries on the lawn for the sake of their spring beauty; we revel in the glory of their colour. We plant shrubs and mountain-ash for the sake of their glistening red berries; but who would dare to suggest finding a substitute in apple-trees and the edible cherries?

The prejudice against admitting the useful, which is also in its season beautiful, is deeply rooted, and I must confess that, had I a garden, I should be among the number of these inconsistent. But why? Some strive to make atonement by planting flowers in the kitchen-garden. And what a charm they give it! I know of one garden which is a delight. It has been designed so that both shall share a magnificent yew hedge, close-cropped, and giving entrance from the one to the other by means of arches cut through its massive thickness; while the lawns have been made to contribute broad paths, bounded on either side by blazing hedges of mallow, lupins, and delphiniums, as if to hearten up the poor cabbages and turnips which they screen from contemptuous glances!

This train of thought was set going while I was wandering round a delightful garden in Sussex a week or two ago, where, in the kitchen garden, I found a towering thicket of the "Jerusalem artichoke." Some of these plants were as much as twelve feet high. They were indeed pleasing to the eye. And they became immensely more interesting when I noticed that some of the tallest were surmounted by good-sized flower-buds. For, like most people, I was under the impression that this plant *never* flowered with us. Some gardeners, I have since found, knew better; but I erred in good company, including that of my host and hostess.

For my sake, the gardener was at once bidden to cut three heads, with long stalks, in order that I might bear them away and, by keeping them in water in a warm room, induce the buds to complete their development. The rest were left to take their chance of being cut down by frost. In due time the flowers appeared. And again I was surprised. I had expected no more than a small white bloom. Instead, there appeared a glorious golden-yellow flower, practically indistinguishable from that of the *Helianthus* so zealously cultivated on the other side of the hedge—in the flower-garden! I submitted my treasures to the scrutiny of a botanist; and he assured me that they were the flowers of the "garden *Helianthus*"; and it was not until he had made a very careful examination that he would agree that I was right. I did not at first, I should say, tell him whence I had obtained them.

Since the Jerusalem artichoke is also a member of the genus *Helianthus*, there is, I may be told, nothing strange in the likeness between its flower

and that of the species used for purely ornamental purposes. That is so. But my point is that so few people appear to know that this tall and stately plant, recommended in the gardening books as very useful to screen unsightly places while it is maturing useful tubers for the table, can also produce really beautiful



FIG. 1.—LEAVES OF THE *HELIANTHUS* (LEFT) AND THE JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE (RIGHT): LESS ALIKE THAN THE FLOWERS.

The leaves differ more than the flowers, those of the Jerusalem artichoke (right) being larger and more hairy, and having the "blade" of the leaf carried further down the stalk. Both present an unusually large and conspicuous pair of "veins," forming a roughly V-shaped loop rising from the top of the stalk.

blooms—but, it must be remembered, at the expense of the tubers. In the accompanying photographs (Figs. 2 and 3), I show the Jerusalem artichoke and the garden *Helianthus* flowers side by side. They



FIG. 2.—THE FLOWER OF THE MISNAMED "JERUSALEM" ARTICHOKE: A VEGETABLE RESEMBLING ITS GARDEN RELATIVE, THE *HELIANTHUS* (ADJOINING).

The flower of the Jerusalem artichoke (a South American vegetable) seems to be so rarely seen as to give rise to the belief that it *never* blooms in this country. This bloom, from a Sussex garden, was nearly three inches across. "Jerusalem" is a corruption of the Italian *girasole* (sun-flower).



FIG. 3.—THE FLOWER OF THE *HELIANTHUS*: CLOSELY RESEMBLING THAT OF THE JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE (ADJOINING).

The flower of the Jerusalem artichoke, seen in the adjoining photograph, bears a striking likeness to that of the garden *Helianthus* (which is shown in the above illustration), but differs in its narrower petals, which are also more deeply ribbed. The two flowers are here placed side by side for comparison.

are practically indistinguishable. But the leaves of the two (Fig. 1) are different, inasmuch as those of the artichoke are larger and more hairy, and have the "blade" of the leaf continued further down the stalk and in greater width. Since this plant was

introduced among us from South America, why is it called the "Jerusalem" artichoke? This name is a corruption of the Italian *girasole*, sunflower; while the name "artichoke" is bestowed on account of the similarity in flavour of its tubers to the globe artichoke.

Opinions vary as to the merits of the Jerusalem artichoke as a vegetable. To me, whether cooked like a potato or made into soup, it is delicious. The stems and leaves are, I believe, sometimes used as fodder. Rabbits like them exceedingly. Since they contain much nitre, they have been used for making potash, while the fibre is used for making cordage and coarse cloth, and in some parts of the Continent, on this account, it is grown as an agricultural crop. When it was first introduced into Europe seems uncertain, but it came to us earlier than the potato.

Why is it that the Jerusalem artichoke produces tubers, while its near relations the sun-flowers do not? This is a question more easily asked than answered. It has been stated that a sun-flower was induced to produce tubers after having had a bud grafted into its tissues taken from the Jerusalem artichoke. But doubt has been thrown upon the truth of this. The experiment might well be repeated. It would not be difficult to make by anyone used to the delicate work of grafting. Tubers are to be regarded as the fleshy nodes of ordinary roots, and they can be induced to appear in plants which, normally, in a wild state have no such excrescences on their roots, and they have close relationship to bulbs. But they are not always confined to the roots, for some plants, like the lesser celandine and the tiger-lily, form tubers in the axils of the leaves, and when these die down the tubers, or "bulbils," fall to the ground to give rise to new plants in the spring.

Most tubers are very perishable structures, as, for example, those of the potato, which perish with the development of the stem and leaves. The tuber, in short, is a reserve store of food, enabling the young plant to grow until it has developed green leaves capable of taking up the work of feeding the plant. Sometimes this reserve root-store is used for the development and ripening of the flowers and fruits, or seeds. There are many plants which, under cultivation, have come to convert the whole tap-root into a great fleshy mass of tissue, as, for example,

in the radish, carrot, parsnip, swede-turnip, and beet, turning the plants from annuals to biennials.

A Frenchman, M. Vilmoren, raised, in four generations, from the wild carrot, *Daucus carota*, which is an annual, and slender-rooted, the fleshy tap-root we know to-day as the carrot. And this by selecting for his stock those which were late in flowering. Experiments were carried out at the Royal College of Agriculture, Cirencester, with carrots and parsnips. Commencing in 1847, by 1850 they had succeeded in raising three distinct types of parsnip from wild seed. Finally, these experiments were continued solely with the "hollow-crowned" type, producing the variety known as the "Student." Seeds were sent to Messrs. Sutton and Sons, and by

1860 they had produced enough seed to place this parsnip on the market as their best parsnip. In 1926 this is *still* the best parsnip! Did space permit, I should like to tell the story of the evolution of the radish. But this must wait.



## THE RIDDLE OF "THE RED PLANET": MARS DURING ITS RECENT APPROACH.

DRAWINGS AND ARTICLE BY E. M. ANTONIADI, OF THE MEUDON OBSERVATORY, NEAR PARIS.



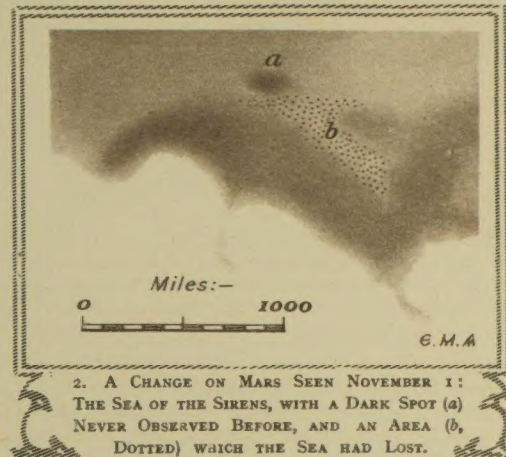
1. SHOWING THE MELTING SOUTH POLAR SNOW (WHITE SPOT AT TOP) AND THE LAKE OF THE SUN (ABOVE AND TO LEFT OF CENTRE) TRANSFORMED SINCE 1924: MARS AS SEEN ON SEPTEMBER 30 LAST AT MEUDON.

WITH reference to his remarkably interesting drawings, M. Antoniadi writes: "A serious error was recently propounded, as in 1924, by some newspapers. This was that astronomers were specially watching Mars on the day of the planet's nearest approach to the Earth, as if that phenomenon were a sort of eclipse of the Moon, lasting a few hours on a single night, while Martian students, who observe the planet for months during every apparition, know that the apparent size of the planet remains practically unaltered for many days preceding and following the nearest approach. A calm night on a distant Mars is more profitable to science than a stormy one on the planet at its closest approach to the Earth. As a student of Mars since my childhood, and with all sorts of instruments—including, since 1909, the great telescope of the Meudon Observatory, the most powerful in Europe, whose perfect object-glass has a diameter of 33 inches, and a focal length of 52 feet—I wish to explain in a few words to your readers the problem of Mars. Sir William Herschel showed that the polar regions of the planet are covered with snow, which extends over a large area in winter, and which melts or evaporates in summer almost entirely. The atmosphere of

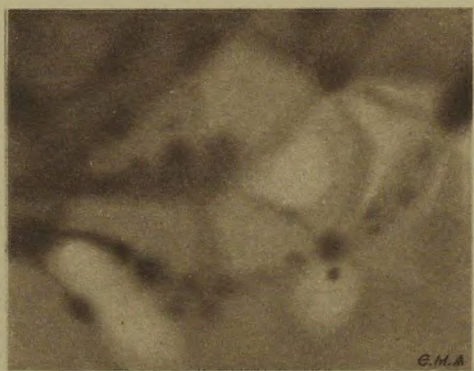
Mars must be very rarefied; and yet we notice in it whitish clouds, usually in the form of haze or cirrus, floating at great heights above the surface—nay, as high as twenty miles. There are also yellow clouds, probably due to sand dust raised from the Martian deserts, just as in the Sahara and other desert regions of our Earth. From the movements of the whitish clouds, I have deduced velocities of the wind on Mars varying from 4 to 11 yards a second, or from 10 to 23 miles per hour. Here we have speeds comparable with those of our depressions and storms. The feeble density of the Martian air is favourable to the velocity of the wind, and compensates in some measure the effect of lesser heat received from the Sun. The apparently yellow areas of Mars, which cover 60 per cent. of the superficies, and which assume a roseate hue in a powerful telescope, have been identified with deserts. The

dusky areas, mostly green or blue, turn partly into a violet brown in summer, offering almost exactly the same appearances as our vegetation. Some areas preserve unaltered their green or bluish tinge. From the extent of these changes, it has been possible to prove that there is no sea like the Mediterranean on Mars, but at best two or three lakes like the Black Sea. In many places, these dark areas are often changing in outline and

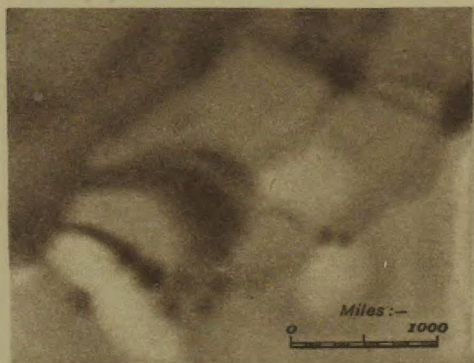
intensity, although retaining their general appearance in the long run. One of the most remarkable of these changes was the one noticed on September 6 last at Meudon, when the Lake of the Sun appeared curved downwards, instead of upwards, to the right, as previously. I announced this in a circular of the Astronomical Society of France, dated September 21. The so-called 'lake' had extended downwards, become very dark, and looked a deep green; a probable result of fertile, ruddy soil, on which we had a temporary display of vegetation. Much has been written on the famous 'canals' of Mars, discovered by Schiaparelli, and it is certain that painstaking observers, using ordinary appliances, are liable to glimpse straight dusky lines on the planet. But Mr. E. W. Maunder, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, one of the most gifted of present-day astronomers, suggested the idea, some thirty years ago, that the 'canals' are merely the 'summation' of a complexity of details; and, in 1909, using the 33-inch, I verified this conclusion, by showing that in the positions of Schiaparelli's canals, single or double, the surface of the planet revealed either broad, complex streaks, or jagged edges of half-tones, or single, irregular, isolated dark spots. The complex streak is naturally a product of the past convulsions of the Martian crust. I have shown, by geometrical constructions, that the linear 'canals' disobey the laws of diffraction and perspective. No reply was opposed to this demonstration, which conclusively establishes that the enticing straight 'canals' of Mars are now a myth of the past. Mars is still a living world, but quite an old world, to a large extent dried up, and in full decrepitude. The atmosphere of the planet, as suggested with remarkable insight in 1864 by Professor J. Phillips, of Oxford, allows the solar heat to reach the soil almost unhindered, and then checks in part the loss into space of the dark heat radiated by the surface. Here, then, we have a rational explanation, verified by observation, of the comparatively high temperature of that neighbour world, of the melting of its snows, of its tremendous changes, and of what certainly looks like vegetation. Passing now into more speculative ground, we may say that Mars does not seem too cold for life; nor does the rarefaction of the air there appear to constitute a fatal objection to such a possibility. If, as seems probable, the changing dark areas are due to vegetation, then we must not forget that vegetation is one form of life; and, if the planet sustains vegetable life, we can discover no reason why it could not still support animal and even human life as well. Anyhow, if the Martians really exist, they are certainly not sending us wireless messages during their closest approaches to the Earth."



2. A CHANGE ON MARS SEEN NOVEMBER 1: THE SEA OF THE SIRENS, WITH A DARK SPOT (a) NEVER OBSERVED BEFORE, AND AN AREA (b, DOTTED) WHICH THE SEA HAD LOST.



3. AS OBSERVED FROM MEUDON IN 1924: THE LAKE OF THE SUN AND THE LAND OF WONDERS ON MARS.



4. SHOWING THE CHANGES OBSERVED IN 1926: THE SAME AREA ON MARS AS SHOWN IN NO. 3 ABOVE, SEEN FROM MEUDON.



5. SHOWING SYRTIS MAJOR, OR THE HOUR-GLASS SEA (THE GREAT V-SHAPED MARK BELOW CENTRE), DAWES' FORKED BAY (R.) AND THE SOUTH POLE (TOP): MARS AS SEEN ON OCTOBER 18 LAST FROM MEUDON.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS week I deal with

some additions to the vast literature of travel, adventure, and Colonial administration. Of several new works about Africa, the most important, and also the largest, is an official work entitled "THE PEOPLES OF SOUTHERN NIGERIA." A Sketch of their History, Ethnology, and Languages, with an Abstract of the 1921 Census. By P. Amaury Talbot, Resident. (Oxford University Press. Four vols.; £3 10s. net). The first volume is devoted to Historical Notes, the second and third (forming about two-thirds of the whole) to Ethnology, and the fourth to Language and Statistics. The two ethnological volumes are abundantly illustrated with excellent photographs of native types, singly or in groups, and other subjects illustrating native social life or religion. Another volume which the author had written on the natural features of the country, its geology, climate, *fauna* and *flora*, has been omitted "for the sake of economy."

This monumental work by the Resident of Southern Nigeria, though primarily intended for Government purposes and the guidance of administrators, has none of the dry formality usually associated with official publications. It is a rich storehouse of historical and anthropological interest. In a clear readable style Mr. Talbot illuminates the dark recesses of the West African native's mind, and shows the inwardness of his curious beliefs and practices. Take, for example, that remarkable institution known as the Fattening House for girls, due to a "preference for plumpness in a woman universal in the negro race."

The task of research accomplished by Mr. Talbot was enormous, and rendered more difficult by constant travelling and scarcity of books of reference. The historical sketch, arranged in convenient chronological form, carries the story of Southern Nigeria from prehistoric times to the Great War and the conquest of the Cameroons.

Like Moses and David, Mr. Talbot had his difficulties in "numbering the people." For one thing, when the census was taken, there was a lack of experienced officials, owing to the effects of the war. But this was not all. "Most of the Nigerian peoples," he writes, "share in the widespread feeling against giving the number of their family . . . for it is thought that a person in possession of this gains power over them. Many also believe that, if the number of a family is told aloud, any evil spirit who may hear it will perhaps become jealous and cause the death of some member. . . . Another grave objection was the belief that it was merely a prelude to taxation."

West Africa has also produced an entertaining book by a well-known woman traveller—"THROUGH LIBERIA." By Lady Dorothy Mills, author of "The Road to Timbuktu." Illustrated (Gerald Duckworth; 15s. net). Lady Dorothy has a woman's eye for detail and personal idiosyncrasies, especially in matters of costume. She mentions the African native's respect for a hat, which, like Kemal Pasha, he regards as the symbol of civilisation. "I have seen a king," she says, "wearing the tattered remains of a panama . . . several in a bowler, one in a top-hat religiously handed down through generations." She ventured into the land of the Human Leopards, a cannibal tribe, and one day asked a man jokingly whether he thought she would be good eating. He replied, "with the air of a connoisseur," that white people's flesh was unpalatable because they eat so much salt. Her native interpreter, named Teacup, dispelled any misgivings. "They would never attack you," he said; "they fear white man too much. But if you were already dead, I don't think they'd waste you, Missis."

With Lady Dorothy's book may be bracketed another noted woman writer's record of African travel, "CAMPING IN THE SAHARA," by E. M. Hull, illustrated with photographs taken by C. W. Hull (Evelyn Nash and Grayson; 10s. 6d. net). If the travellers did not encounter anything so thrilling as a cannibal, they at one time had as guide a famous bandit. His gentle demeanour, however, belied his reputation for truculence. He was "a kind of Arab Robin Hood," who robbed the rich to give to the poor. Admirers of the late Rudolph Valentino will read this book with

special interest, as being by the author of "The Sheik" and "The Son of the Sheik."

The once "dark" continent, whereon now beats the fierce light of publicity, also provides much of the setting for "THE CHRONICLES OF A CONTRACTOR," being the autobiography of the late George Pauling, edited by David Buchan, with an introduction by J. O. P. Bland, portrait frontispiece (Constable; 10s. 6d. net). George Pauling was an empire-builder in a very practical sense, and in character a man of pluck, tenacity, and unfailing generosity. "He was able to hold his own," says Mr. Bland, "against Jew or Gentile, in the rough-and-tumble of the pioneer days of the Rand and in many other fields of outpost enterprise." His occupation took him all over the world, and in his breezy and genial autobiography we find him, at one time and another, in different parts of Africa, Syria, Greece, Borneo, the Argentine, China, and India. He was well known to Cecil Rhodes, with whom he records an interesting conversation shortly before the Jameson Raid in 1895. Rhodes asked his opinion on the prospects of a revolution in the Transvaal, and, on finding it adverse, remarked that Pauling knew a lot about railways and business, but "damned little about politics."

Mr. Pauling's record of a scheme (prevented by the war) for opening up China by railway development, and his allusion to the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen's interest in the project, afford a connecting link with another book in which the

will be the surest to feel and quickest to acknowledge what he owes to those pioneers who made his victory possible."

Discursive talk in a lighter vein, ironical and anecdotal, goes to the making of "GIFTS OF FORTUNE," with Some hints for Those about to Travel, by H. M. Tomlinson (Heinemann; 8s. 6d. net). The author ranges from Devon to Brazil, and from the Chesil Bank to Celebes and Malaya. Wherever he goes, and whatever he discusses, he is delightfully stimulating, and as full of allusions as Shakespeare is of "quotations." He doubts the enlightening effect of voyages or the superior wisdom of sailors, and confesses that he does not love the sea; but he has his enthusiasms about its literature. "Moby Dick," he thinks, "is one of the best things America has done since the Declaration of Independence." I see that Mr. Chesterton (in "Our Notebook" in this number) awards the palm to Uncle Remus.

To counteract Mr. Tomlinson's aversion from "that immensity of sky and water" come two books expressive of delight in the sea—"ACROSS THREE OCEANS": A Colonial Voyage in the Yacht *Saoirse*, by Conor O'Brien with illustrations and maps (Edward Arnold; 16s. net), and "DEEP-SEA DAYS": The Chronicles of a Sailor and Sea-Painter, by Thomas M. Hemy; with twelve sketches by the author (Witherby; 12s. 6d. net). The *Saoirse* was only a small boat of twenty tons, but in her, with a crew of two, Mr. O'Brien sailed round the world. He

sailed from Dublin on June 20, 1923, and arrived back two years later to the day, having visited during his voyage Pernambuco, the Cape, Melbourne, Auckland, and (after rounding Cape Horn) the Falklands and the Azores. Dublin gave him a great welcome on his return. Captain O'Brien describes himself as "by nature a very stay-at-home person, and reluctant to leave my own parish"; but I think he is more serious when he says: "Buy a boat and see the world."

Mr. Thomas M. Hemy has salt water in the blood, for he was born in mid-Atlantic aboard the good ship *Madawaska*, whose name he reluctantly bears—represented by his second initial. Before he finally took to art, he "followed the sea" for some years as an apprentice, and both then and later roughed it in various oceans. He tells his experiences breezily, with many a yarn. One concerns his picture of the rescue of the *Missouri*. When it was exhibited, he says, "it was extensively advertised as 'Every Soul was Saved, by Thomas M. Hemy,' and I had to reply to several letters of congratulation on my change of heart."



A GREAT NORWEGIAN EXPLORER AND PHILANTHROPIST AS LORD RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: DR. NANSEN (THIRD FROM LEFT) IN A GROUP ON THE OCCASION OF HIS INSTALLATION.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen was installed as Lord Rector of St. Andrews University on November 3, and received the honorary degree of LL.D. Degrees were also conferred on the Norwegian Minister, Captain Otto Sverdrup, who commanded Dr. Nansen's ship, the "Fram," in his famous Arctic voyage of 1893-6, and on Brig.-Gen. C. G. Bruce, former head of the Mount Everest Expedition. Dr. Nansen is now Professor of Oceanography at Christiania University. Our group shows (front row, left to right): Lieut.-Col. Sir Edgeworth David, F.R.S. (Scientific Officer of Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition, 1907-9), Sir James Irvine (Vice-Chancellor and Principal of St. Andrews), Dr. Nansen, Mr. W. McC. Clyde, Dr. Law of Blebo (the Rector's Assessor), Capt. Sverdrup, and Professor Bjerknes.—[Photograph by Topical.]

latter is described as "one of the greatest Chinamen," and his portrait forms the frontispiece. "THE ORIENT I FOUND," by Thomas J. McMahon, with sixty-two illustrations (Duckworth; 15s. net), is the work of an Australian who spent several months in "travelling and investigation, to find the strength of modern progress in the Orient, particularly in China and Japan." Its inspiring motive is what the ex-Kaiser used to call "the Yellow Peril," and the author's forecast of coming trouble between Japan and America, involving Britain, and of an Oriental challenge to white domination, deserves careful scrutiny. While not quite up to date as regards political and military events in China, he gives an interesting picture of social conditions there and in Japan.

Exploration in the Far East, devoid of political motive, is represented in "THE EPIC OF MOUNT EVEREST," by Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., first Chairman of the Mount Everest Committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 7s. 6d. net). The story of the great adventure is here condensed into one volume from the separate books describing the three expeditions of 1921, 1922, and 1924. Considering the abundance of magnificent photographs, the price seems to me remarkably low. Having heard Sir Francis speak from the stage of the Scala Theatre when the Everest film was produced, I offer the more willingly a respectful tribute to the excellence of his work. "Without doubt," he concludes, "one day man will conquer the mountain. But in that great day he who first stands on the summit . . .

The sailor's life had not been exactly a preparation for the saving of souls. "In the days of wind-jammers," writes Mr. Hemy, "one sometimes heard an old shellback say to a youngster of sea-going intentions, 'Go to sea for pleasure and—go to hell for pastime.'" A practical commentary on this saying is provided in "WINDJAMMERS AND SHELLBACKS," Strange True Stories of the Sea; by E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated (Fisher Unwin; 15s. net). Like Mr. Tomlinson, the author feels "the immensity, the dominance" of the sea, but exults in the struggle against it. Here he records "many unpublished sea happenings, that were written down by the persons themselves. . . . And as we read these yarns of narrow escapes, of exciting incidents . . . we begin to be conscious of a strange admiration in regard to our forefathers, who voyaged all over the globe in vessels which would mostly be condemned in these days by any Board of Trade."

I wonder whether there is any connection between the present vogue of ship models for decorative purposes and the frequency of books about old-fashioned navigation. Yet another example is "THE SAILING SHIP," Six Thousand Years of History, by Romola and R. C. Anderson (Harrap; 10s. 6d. net). This scholarly and well-illustrated work, which the authors modestly describe as "merely a sketch of a very large subject," is, of course, a historical study, and not a record of personal experiences. Yet a sense of adventure is inseparable from the sea, and here we have, as it were, an outline of its romance from the time of Minos and the Pharaohs to the present day.—C. E. B.



# OBSERVERS OF MARS ON MONT BLANC SUPPLIED BY PARACHUTE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. L. PRUD'HOMME, THE ASTRONOMER IN CHARGE OF THE VALLOT OBSERVATORY ON MONT BLANC.



REVICTUALLING THE OBSERVATORY ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC FROM THE AIR: A BOX OF PROVISIONS DESCENDING BY PARACHUTE FROM AN AEROPLANE PILOTED BY LIEUT. THORET, WHO IN TWENTY-SIX FLIGHTS SUCCESSFULLY DROPPED A LARGE QUANTITY OF STORES AND SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.



PROOF OF THE PILOT'S GOOD AIM: GUIDES ON MONT BLANC COLLECTING CASES DROPPED ON SNOW, AND FOLDING UP A PARACHUTE.



WHERE THE ASTRONOMERS LIVE CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD BELOW DURING WINTER: THE VALLOT OBSERVATORY ON MONT BLANC, WITH DRIVING CLOUDS BEYOND.



SHOWING SOME OF THE CASES OF STORES DROPPED BY AEROPLANE: THE VALLOT OBSERVATORY, FLYING THE FRENCH FLAG.

During the recent approach of Mars, special observations of the planet were made from the unique Vallot Observatory on the top of Mont Blanc, by the French astronomer, M. Prud'homme, and his assistants. Owing to the scarcity of guides, and their refusal to carry more than a certain weight, the owner of the Observatory, M. Dina, had recourse to aerial transport, and obtained the services of Lieut. Thoret, who had made successful mountain flights. Guides and porters had to be employed on the heights to secure the packages dropped; and there was no time to be lost, as the season was late, and access to Mont Blanc becomes impossible for man as soon as snow falls on the summit. A

regulation Farman biplane was used, fitted with a Salmson motor. Lieut. Thoret started for his "aerial bombardment" of Mont Blanc from Geneva, there being no nearer aerodrome, and carried out the work with great success. It needed the utmost precision in order to drop the packages at a spot easy of access for the porters, as shown in one of the photographs. In nine days, during which he made twenty-six flights over the mountain, Lieut. Thoret succeeded in dropping more than a ton of provisions and scientific equipment, including new instruments and a wireless telephone apparatus. Most of the cases were dropped by parachutes of the Blanquier-Vinay type, and were quickly retrieved by the porters.



## AS IN THE DAYS OF "BEAU GESTE": LIFE IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION.

By MAJOR PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN, Author of "Beau Geste," "The Wages of Virtue," and "Beau Sabreur."

In view of the presentation of the film "Beau Geste," based on the novel of the same name, the following article on the French Foreign Legion, by Major Percival Christopher Wren, the author, is of particular interest. It should be noted that the writer here describes conditions in the Legion as they were from 1885 until the Great War, a period covering that of the story. "Things changed then," says Major Wren in a letter to us, "because in 1914 many thousands of the best types of allied nationals joined the Legion in Paris and swamped it."

WHILE ago a book was published which professed to give an account of life in the French Foreign Legion. About a third of this book consisted of an introduction by a well-known author.



AT ONE OF THE TWO DEPOTS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION IN ALGERIA: THE BARRACKS OF THE 2ND REGIMENT AT SAÏDA—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE THE WAR, IN THE "BEAU GESTE" PERIOD.

In this introduction it was stated that the writer of the memoirs, an acquaintance of the aforesaid author, was a dishonest and mean little person, lacking in mental, moral, and physical fibre, who had devoted his life to doing himself well (at the expense of others). Far from young, flabby with soft living, crapulously hypercritical in respect of all the things that do not matter, this person took refuge in the Legion, and wrote an account of life in the Legion. It is not a fair and impartial account, nor does the fat little man state the fact that he saw only the dregs of the Legion at its dépôt, late in the war; nor that he naturally discovered a preponderating German element among the instructors there, because the Germans in the Legion (of whom there were many when the War broke out) were not sent to fight against Germany.

What sort of an account of life in the ranks of the Grenadier Guards, say, would be written by a man totally unfitted to lead such a life—by a pale (or pink) young curate (or by his Bishop); by a literary Don; or by a plump and respectable stockbroker to whom dinner is the day's event, should such a one, by bitter constraint and sad occasion cheap, be driven to enlist? Mr. Stephen Graham could probably foretell it. Life in the Legion is one of the hardest lives that a man can lead; and it needs a man to lead it. It is full of indignity and of injustice, and all must bear these two conditions just the same as the monotonous food, the halfpenny a day, the rude (very rude) society, and the lack of all those things that are lovely and of good repute.

But it is an arena—dusty, hot, and bloody though it be—wherein the good gladiator may win a laurel-leaf or two; a ribbon on his breast; chevrons on his arm; responsibility and regard. He may even win to patent of respectability, climb from the arena and sit above, an Officer and a Gentleman. If so, he is a stout fellow; but let no man go down into

that arena with hope or expectation of such a crown. It is more likely that, should he survive the five years of his engagement, he will quit the Legion with a shoddy blue suit of mufti, a railway ticket to any part of France, and no blessing. He may, of course, should he have forcefulness, courage, strength, the gift of tongues, and a front of brass, rise to be Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant-Major, and *Adjudant* (a non-commissioned rank). If so, he will be a hard man, reaping where he hath sown "crimes," and regarding all Legionaries as wicked and slothful servants. He will also be one who can fulfil the expectation that he will punish freely and frequently, and, when all sins have been punished, sigh not for more sins to punish, but quickly invent them.

The Legionary's day is long, and his meals are short—and few. He gets two of them, and they

consist of two things, hash and bread. (As the days and weeks and months and years drag by, he grows to dislike these good things.) He rises with the sun, and receives a mug of milkless and sugarless coffee. On this he drills 'neath the African sun, runs long distances, does physical jerks, marches and countermarches, manoeuvres, attacks, digs trenches, and marches back to barracks and his bread and hash.

Thereafter he

becomes a sweeper, gardener, road-mender, grave-digger, bricklayer's labourer, scavenger, or other form of working man, until eventide and his second refreshment by hash and bread alone.

Thereafter, he washes his white uniform in cold water without soap, irons it without an iron (using the bottom of his quart-pot), and polishes, with dark enthusiasm, those articles of brass and steel and leather that lend themselves readily, or unready, to this treatment. Should he have yet further need of exercise and entertainment, he may now stroll forth into the night and the streets of Sidi-bel-Abbès (but not in those of the *Village Nègre* if he be sane).

and then a peripatetic pain, and, finally, an automaton that is happily past sensation, but that falls if stopped. It can march, but it cannot stand.

In the Nineteenth African Army Corps, the Legion

is called the *cavalerie-à-pied*, and this is an ungrudging tribute from those who are in a position to judge of these matters. Yet the Legion rejoices when it marches out, for it always hopes (frequently rightly), that it is going on active service, and this may mean death (which is good), incapacitating wounds, which is better, or decoration and promotion, which is best. And, in any case, it means change from the dreadful monotony of barrack life, and the tale of almost inevitable punishments awarded by zealous and ambitious non-commissioned officers, whose chances of promotion are in direct ratio to their powers of discovery and invention of "crime," and infliction of punishments.

Thus the discipline of the Legion is an iron one, there being only one harsher and sterner example, that of the *Zephyrs*, the *Joyeux*, the penal battalion of the convicted criminals, the "Bataillon d'Infanterie Légère d'Afrique." (Any man in this unit might well and bitterly envy the happy pampered souls delightfully sojourning in Wormwood Scrubs or Portland Prison.) Yet, withal, the Legionary is proud of the Legion and (at times) of himself as a member of the finest fighting unit in the world, the Regiment that has fought in more wars, won more fights, and earned more glory than any other in the world; the Regiment that is almost always on active service, has been almost wiped out time after time, and has never retreated. The incredibly heterogeneous collection of men of every country in the world, and of every social stratum of that world, becomes one unit, the Flag of the Legion its banner, the "Marseillaise" its song, and France its harsh and unloving step-mother.

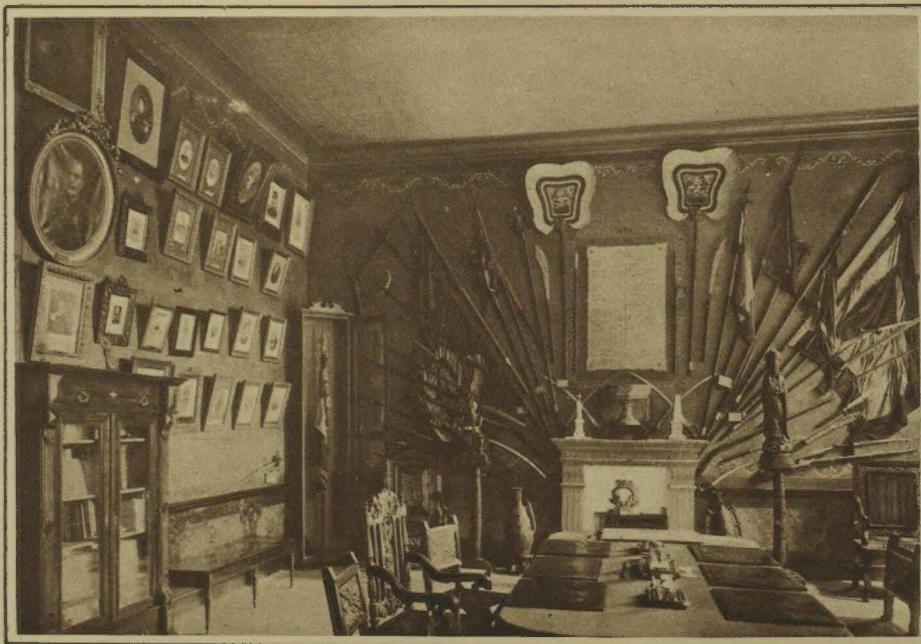
Nor should it be for one moment supposed that its members are scum, dregs, sweepings, and criminals. In bulk, the Legion consists of the same material as that of most other regiments—working-men turned soldiers. There are also gentlemen, young romantics, men under a cloud, dead-beats, criminals and asses. On the whole, "Single men in barracks, most remarkable like you," in fact.

Would I advise a young man, down on his luck, in trouble, in need of an asylum, to join the French Foreign Legion? Not unless he were contemplating suicide. In that case he might try the Legion first (and he could always commit suicide there, of course, if he preferred death and dishonour).

Would I advise a budding Hector Macdonald or William Robertson to go to the Legion? No. What is wrong with the British Army if he would be a general? But dearly I would like to send every paid agitator there, that he might learn what labour really is, and what his own hide is really worth; and that he might get five years of that discipline which these gentlemen have been denied. Also the Legion would be a good place for Communists, for there men have all things in common: bread, hash, uniform—and punishment.



TYPICAL OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION OF THE PRE-WAR PERIOD DESCRIBED IN "BEAU GESTE," THE WELL-KNOWN NOVEL RECENTLY FILMED: AN ENGLISH LEGIONARY NAMED DE BULMERING, OF THE 2ND REGIMENT.



AS IT WAS AT THE PERIOD DESCRIBED IN "BEAU GESTE," BEFORE THE GREAT WAR: THE SALLE D'HONNEUR OF THE FOREIGN LEGION AT BEL ABBÈS, ONE OF ITS DEPOTS IN NORTH AFRICA.—[Photographs by J. Geiser, Algiers.]

Here he may spend the halfpenny which he has earned that day, freely and without hindrance or reproach. When the battalion marches out, the Legionary marches "all out." Laden like a beast of burden, he marches until he is a walking weariness,



# AN EPIC OF THE FOREIGN LEGION FILMED: "BEAU GESTE," AT THE PLAZA.



ACROSS THE SAND DUNES OF THE DESERT: MEN OF THE FOREIGN LEGION ON THEIR CAMELS.



THE TERRIBLE SERGEANT METES OUT "MERCIFUL JUSTICE": LEJAUNE (MR. NOAH BEERY; CENTRE) SENDING THE DESERTERS OUT TO DIE IN THE DESERT.



HOW THE FORT OF MYSTERY WAS MANNED BY THE DEAD: SERGEANT LEJAUNE (R.) SETS A CORPSE IN PLACE.



THE ATTACK BY THE ARABS: THE FORT IN THE DESERT BESIEGED.



THE DEATH OF BEAU GESTE: SERGEANT LEJAUNE (CENTRE) ABOUT TO SEARCH THE DEAD "BEAU" FOR THE SAPPHIRE.



JOHN AVENGES "BEAU": MR. NEIL HAMILTON, MR. NOAH BEERY, AND MR. RONALD COLMAN (L. TO R.).

Major P. C. Wren's novel, "Beau Geste," is one of the most popular of mystery and adventure tales, and is also notable for its vivid and accurate pictures of life in the French Foreign Legion as it was before the war. The story has now been produced as a film drama, and it is being presented at the Plaza Theatre, with a strong cast including Mr. Ronald Colman, Mr. Neil Hamilton, and Mr. Ralph Forbes, as Beau Geste, and his brothers; and Mr. Noah Beery as Sergeant Lejaune, the brutal Belgian. It will be remembered that the story opens with the mystery of the Fort in the Desert. It is apparently manned; but, when an entry is forced, the garrison is found to consist of nothing but corpses, though

each dead man is propped up in his place with his rifle pointing out of its embrasure in the wall. The solution of this mystery takes one back to England, where Lady Patricia Brandon has lost her heirloom sapphire. First Beau Geste, then his brother, Digby, and finally, the youngest of the trio, John, disappear from home. They meet in the Foreign Legion, and it is in the untamed desert of Africa that the epic drama of "Beau" and his brothers is played out. Sergeant Lejaune is the villain of the piece; and young John is able to carry out his promise to give "Beau" a "Viking's funeral" and to lay the "dog" at his feet in the person of the evil Lejaune.



# At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

"Doctors of Literature" and the Law. If asked with what things has the public mind been made to occupy itself in the last few days, I should answer, ponderously, "With law and medicine." Our medicine men would be Doctors of Literature, hence their capture of the Press. Our lawyers, less ambitious, would be content to be briefed in their own defence. The law is very much on its trial just now: there are people ready to insinuate that it is not merely a "hass," but very nearly a criminal lunatic, to be detained until his Majesty's pleasure is known. And this doubt of the sanity of the law does not, curiously enough, proceed from gentlemen with red ties, but from gentlemen in silk gowns. In Counsel briefed for the prosecution of our present legal system are actually to be recognised distinguished men who previously held a general retainer for the system. But, having made some allusion to red ties, I allow the law for the moment to take its course, in order that I may make a disclosure.

The St. Paul's "Service for Socialists." It is a disclosure which has very particular interest just now when, to some people's infinite distress, the gentlemen with the red ties are making their first appearance in the newly elected borough councils. It may suggest, perhaps, that there was a day when representatives of established forms were less disturbed by these gentlemen than they have been supposed to be, or than are their successors. I do not like to add gloom to gloom, nor be the communicator of new melancholy to one who is not only a most interesting figure in the church life of to-day, but who, and that in no Pickwickian sense, is so intimately associated with the sign of St. Paul's.

Office, however, sometimes imposes obligations of suffering, and I am sure that Dean Inge will endure courageously the effect of what I have here to announce. I have made a discovery. It is a curious discovery, and it is this: On Feb. 27, 1887, there was a "Service for Socialists" in St. Paul's! Special accommodation was reserved for them, and parties of them poured in from every quarter of London. They listened attentively to the sermon preached by Archdeacon Gifford, only occasionally, as we are told, interrupting; and, apart from these interruptions, there was no "disturbance." Could the passing year be marked by any such red-letter day in these times? If we could have Church back—Yes; or if, for the deanery of St. Paul's, our greatest living Churchman could consent to exchange his modest home in Margaret Street—Yes. But Church cannot return, and Dr. Gore is enjoying what, when a railway official or a policeman steps into private life, is called his well-earned retirement; and the prospects of a Socialist service at St. Paul's to-day are—gloomy.

Surgeons—and Barbers. I return to the doctors, who are not in the habit of being kept waiting. What an immense prestige they have acquired!—and rightly. The world owes a great debt to modern therapeutic treatment, while what it owes to modern surgery can only be computed when the surgeon's bill comes in. There is probably no form of human skill, as distinct from human art, which has reached a stage of such perfection as that of the surgeon of to-day. His knife has almost ceased to be subject merely to material influence, and to respond to his mind with the perfect, instinctive accuracy of one of the muscles of his hand. To wish a man long life is more often than not to wish him a good surgeon when the time comes.

It is common knowledge that the surgeon of other days was to be identified with the garrulous tradesman whose right to shave us is the only one of his privileges which he has retained. In his day the barber had a lively sense of these privileges: Edward III. gave him a charter; while City magistrates regularly swore in "Masters" to preside over his "misteries." But he was strictly governed. City letter books are full of references to this control, and presently he was made subject to the

inspection of a Surveyor. Later we read (4 Henry V.): "Ordinance made forbidding barbers practising the faculty of surgery in the City to tend serious cases of illness without showing the patients to the Surveyors appointed for the purpose under penalty of a fine." As the surveyors were themselves barbers, the order amounted to an instruction to call for a "second opinion."

Perhaps the masters of the "mystery" were merely selected from some earlier form of the Medical Council, whose first President, we know, was Jupiter. Was it not Æsculapius himself who, most unjustly reported for infamous conduct in a professional respect, was removed from the medical register, and from everything else, by a thunderbolt?

The Ancient Egyptian. The medical man probably owes the immense interest that people take in him to-day to their interest in themselves. Always when hypochondriacs have met have they exchanged symptoms, with the enthusiasm of stamp-



Jane Shore, accused of sorcery by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, did penance in St. Paul's in a white sheet... about 1485.

## The Family Relics.

It is only in modern times that we preserve our anatomy on the curate's egg principle that parts of it are excellent. It can only be by our shameless egotism that, bidden by Sir Arbuthnot Lane to "eat more internal organs," we prefer to inspect our own. But if the practice suggested by infant lips is persisted in, it cannot but be that even the decorative effect of our homes will be affected. We may be permitted to believe that the novelist of the future will have to abandon his use of the familiar scene in which the hero conducts his friends on a tour of the family portraits. (As a matter of fact, in our modern houses there is no room for family portraits.) And so our hero will sell the portraits, and it will be no longer to the Royal Academy to whom he will go for reminders of his distinguished ancestors, but to members of the British Medical Association. His ancestral home will, if one may borrow a phrase from Lord Haldane, be his spiritual home. And his family portraits he will exchange for other works,

of such a kind that when, after dinner, at which he has entertained friends, he conducts them upon a tour of his treasures, we shall hear him observe that "the rather remarkable heart in that bottle on the mantelpiece was the property of my beloved Aunt Ermytrude. You will observe that it is now preserved in spirits. Spirits were, however, not really necessary in this case, as, after the will had been read and everything was left to Henry, I discovered that her heart was one of stone."

## The Diminishing Ears of the "Hass."

The thought of the corpse brings us back to the thought of the present law, which looks soon to be reduced by criticism to a corpse itself. But if we would like to console ourselves that our law is at least better than it was, we have an opportunity of doing so. The present year marks an important centenary in the history of criminal jurisprudence. Let us first of all remember

that the law-maker, when faced with the task of suppressing any particular form of offence, based his legislation on the incontrovertible principle that once a person is quite dead he cannot offend again. A corpse "saves book-keeping," as they would say in the City. Anyone with eyes to see can discover near the Marble Arch a ghostly monument to men's belief in that principle, a principle which only ceased to rule when, precisely a century ago, Peel codified the criminal law. Before that it was as easy to be hung for a lamb as a sheep. If the record were not so perfectly tragic it would be comic. A man could be hanged for being found with a blacked face: I shudder to think of the holocaust in Victorian seaside resorts that must have followed a sudden revival of this edict. A man could be hanged for injuring Westminster Bridge: and there are some of us who could wish that this act were still in force, in respect of a neighbour bridge.

Not much over a century ago, a poor half-starved woman was hanged at Preston for "compelling" a dealer to take less than he had demanded for some potatoes. While, in 1800, a young woman, proved to be of the gentlest character, was sentenced to death for the larceny of 40s., though of the accompanying charge of arson she was completely acquitted. A numerous signed petition on her behalf was sent to Whitehall, but "the Duke of Portland, deeming the application to arise from ill-judged humanity, sent down a King's messenger to order her immediate execution."

So that, whatever critics of the law may say, and they are saying a great deal, as our papers show us, the ears of the "hass" were considerably longer a hundred years ago.



A "LOAD OF TIMBER" THAT CONTAINED A CONSIGNMENT OF LIQUOR: U.S. PROHIBITION AGENTS EXAMINING AN INGENUOUS "BOOT-LEGGING" DEVICE CAPTURED AT LOS ANGELES.

One of the most ingenious tricks ever devised by the boot-legging fraternity in America was recently discovered by Prohibition agents at Los Angeles. A motor-lorry that appeared to contain an innocent load of timber proved to be a "fake." At the back was a cleverly concealed "door" opening into a hollow interior, which contained seventy cases of forbidden liquor.—[Photograph by C.N.]

collectors exchanging postage stamps. But to-day everybody feels his own pulse, while, as a lately reported incident shows us, the modern child can declare proudly: "I say; I've got my appendix at home in a bottle." The announcement of the closing of the tomb of Tutankhamen reminds us that, cunning as were the ancients in every art of embalming, they did not do things in this modern piecemeal way. An Egyptian, even when he had entered the tomb of the kings, could still be called a well-preserved man.

## Surgery and the Embalmers.

There he lay, "surrounded by representatives of all the objects which formed his pride and occupation when living." But these objects could not have included his appendix, which he certainly carried with him to his noble sepulchre. Not that it would have been necessarily impossible for anyone to have removed it from him in a sufficiently neat fashion. The Egyptians knew something of surgery, and their unique art of embalming demanded enough such knowledge to guide the hand making the required incisions in the body submitted for preservation. Ere the interior of the head could be cleansed, the skull had to be opened and the brain removed; then, again, the veins had to be pierced for the introduction of the preserving fluid, while the insertion of spices according to a carefully observed formula called for both skill and knowledge. The process was a long one, and could occupy as much as ten weeks. But a dying man, giving instructions for the preservation of his own anatomy, did not select special portions for attention. It has been left to us moderns to indulge in this spurious eclecticism, this vulgar anatomical nepotism.



## ADVERTISING THE EMPIRE: POSTERS FOR IMPERIAL TRADE PUBLICITY.

BY COURTESY OF THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD.



"THE SUEZ CANAL": BY CHARLES PEARS.



"WHEAT HARVEST OF CANADA": BY F. C. HERRICK.



"SHEEP-RAISING IN NEW ZEALAND": BY GREGORY BROWN.



"SUGAR-GROWING IN MAURITIUS": BY E. A. COX, R.I., R.O.I., R.B.A.



"A CANADIAN APPLE ORCHARD": BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.



"ORANGE-GROWING IN SOUTH AFRICA": BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

We reproduce here six of the twenty-five posters designed for the Empire Marketing Board, and shown in the Exhibition at the Royal Academy opened on November 2 by the Prime Minister. There were also present the Dominion Premiers and other delegates to the Imperial Conference, with Mr. Amery, Secretary for Dominion Affairs, who is Chairman of the Board, and a varied company of well-known people, including Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Saklatvala. These posters form part of the publicity campaign started by the Empire Marketing Board, and will be displayed in London and the principal cities of the United Kingdom early next year. Other notable posters are "The Vines of

Australia," by Charles Paine, and "A Country Grocer's Shop," by Fred Taylor. Among the artists represented are also Mr. Norman Wilkinson and Mr. E. McKnight Kauffer. Some posters are arranged in a triptych frame shown by the Office of Works, with scenes of production in the side-panels, and a marketing scene in the centre. One example has side scenes of an Indian rice field and a Ceylon tea plantation, with a central panel of a cargo-steamer in the Channel, and bold letterpress, pointing out that India's wealth is brought to Britain and British goods return in payment—"When you buy Indian goods you help India and increase employment here. Empire buyers are Empire builders."



# THE REAL DETECTIVE: THE C.I.D.

"THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD." By GEORGE DILNOT.\*

SQUARELY, solidly, stolidly, New Scotland Yard stands over the scene of an unsolved murder mystery! A curious fact, this; and one that might have been deemed an omen of ill-luck. Fortunately, if the use of the sinister site presaged anything, it was the crushing of crime under the weight of the Law. No police surpass the Metropolitan in organisation and success. "In ninety-seven years this big, pliable, effective machine has become one of the most formidable instruments of civilisation the world has ever known."

The odds that the evildoer will "get away with it" diminish yearly: "the more certain you make detection the fewer the crimes you will have."

Yet, for thirteen years the Metropolitan Police were without a detective department. "It was as though an

a detective on probation—and one of the most difficult tests is based on his appearance! "They may look like what they please in the wide world save and only detectives. It is a fatal disqualification to look like a police officer out of uniform."

During the next six months he has to prove himself; for the first eight weeks in "school." "There are lectures on law, on evidence, on the practice of courts, on medico-legal subjects, on police regulations and practice. The pitfalls that beset a hasty or ignorant officer are pointed out. He is taught the methods of criminals from gambling sharps to forgers, from pickpockets to petty sneak thieves. He is shown jemmies, and the different marks they may leave, coining implements, shoplifting devices, and the latest apparatus in the march of scientific burglary. He is made aware when he may arrest without a warrant, and when a warrant is necessary. All that ingenuity and experience can suggest for the confusion of the criminal is taught him. He is shown where an expert must be called in, and when his own commonsense must aid him. He is taught something of locks, something of footprints, something of cipher reading. The uses of finger-prints, the application of photography to the detection of crime, the machinery at his disposal in the Crime Index. He learns the significance of trivialities and the high importance of method." These things and much else—paving the way to a practical, professional examination and, if he passes, to confirmation as a detective.

Thereafter, much, very much, depends upon his individual capacity; but he has powerful "aides." The first offender will often give inconceivable trouble; as a rule, the old hand is comparatively easy to trace.

Dickens dealt with one point. "As a connoisseur can determine the painter of a picture at the first glance, or a wine-taster the precise vintage of a sherry by the merest sip," he wrote, after interviewing the detective branch of his day, in the office of *Household Words*, "so the Detective at once pounces upon the authors of the work of art under consideration by the style of the performance; if not upon the precise executant, upon the 'school' to which he belongs."

That remains a truth. Hence the Criminal Clearing House, with its elaborate card-index of the idiosyncrasies of particular criminals, the "trade-marks" that may lead to their identification with a "job" and their arrest. The "professional" is often in a rut. "There is one who will only rob churches; there is another who will only smash jeweller's windows. Apart from these are the thieves who reveal themselves by the clumsiness, or, quite as likely, by the cleverness of their methods. One man may force a window, another may corrupt a servant to open a door for him. In the extreme case it is improbable that a man who has found the easiest and most effective way to break open a safe will revert to a clumsier method to escape identity."

And it must be remembered that "identification is the root of detective work; without identification all the rest goes for naught." First the suspicion; then the certainty.

Identification by sight is still necessary; but it has potent allies when the person under observation or detention has been "in trouble" before.

To help the hunting down, there is, as has been said, the record of known criminals. Manners, methods, portraits, special marks, "pals" of the principal, all are registered; and, most important of all, and still most amazing, finger-prints, the finger-prints whose study ousted the clever, but cumbersome, Bertillon system of anthropometrical measurements, which was well enough in the hands of great experts, but not to be trusted to subordinates.

Identification by finger-prints, it may be added, owes its being to Sir Francis Galton, who "urged and proved that imprints of the fingers were an infallible proof of identity—that the chance of two finger-prints being identical was less than one in 64,000 millions," and to Sir Edward Henry, who, realising that the weakness of Galton's classification was its complexity, devised a plan of classification based on a mathematical formula. "No longer was it necessary for detectives to give up time to view criminals in gaol. The hundreds of hours wasted on searching the albums of the Habitual Convicts Registry were saved. A slip of paper, a little printer's ink, and five minutes' work, had abolished all this. . . . The greatest precautions were taken that no injudicious move should shake faith in the system. Even now, Scotland Yard will not swear to an identification unless there are at least ten points of resemblance between a suspect's finger-marks and the record."

As to newly made, unregistered, prints,—and as often as not, they are those of murderers, for the murderer is most frequently a stranger to the police—once the supposed offender has been caught, a comparison of his finger-marks with those left on articles he has handled will probably convict him—or free him. And the prints in question need not be very obvious when first noted: "A finger-print may be developed," writes Mr. Dilnot. "I have seen a man press his fingers on a clean sheet of paper, apparently without leaving the faintest trace. A pinch of black powder—graphite is commonly used—scattered over the paper, and behold the prints standing out in bold relief. A grey powder will act in the same way on a dark surface, and a candle which has been pressed by the fingers may have the print rendered clear

by a judicious use of ordinary printer's ink. . . . Every prisoner who goes to gaol for a month or longer nowadays has his finger-prints taken a little before he is discharged. The police have only a limited right to take finger-prints or photographs of untried prisoners. In such a case force can only be used under the instruction of an Assistant-Commissioner. The finger-prints of a person who is acquitted are destroyed."

So much for the chief "Aides." Amongst the others are informants (not informers, who are casual allies of the police, where informants are, so to say, unofficial auxiliaries); the Yard's various publications for spreading its confidential instructions and knowledge throughout the force; wireless, with, of course, telephones and "tapes"; general and scientific specialists of all kinds; and speed, always speed. One outward and visible sign of this last is the Flying Squad, one of whose advantages is that they are less likely than local men to be familiar to gangs frequenting definite localities. "The squad has its own little fleet of motor-cars, for it is essential that they should be able to move from spot to spot with swift precision. The men who drive these cars are trained to meet any contingency, however dramatic. The tests imposed upon them are drastic. A candidate is taken to a remote country lane with an official sitting at his side. A shot rings out, and he is informed that one arm is 'wounded.' With one hand, therefore, he has to continue his journey at speed. Again, a bundle of hay is thrown in front of the car unexpectedly. He has to dodge this obstacle without the faintest hesitation. These and a dozen other devices are tried to test his nerve and skill. In quick succession a bewildering number of orders is rapped out, each of which has to be instantly obeyed. There is an ultimate trial in heavy traffic before a driver is considered qualified to drive a Scotland Yard motor-car. Many of these cars have wireless, by which constant touch may be maintained with headquarters, either by telephone or with the Morse code."

Thus are made the less conspicuous of the men who labour for the Law—the women need not be counted; there is only one in the C.I.D., and women police are of very doubtful value.

As I have indicated briefly, C.I.D. work is as enthralling to the layman as it is difficult, dangerous, and engrossing to its practitioners. Mr. Dilnot does not miss a phase of it, whether it be routine or surprise, sensational or simple, and he writes with full authority and without exaggeration. And it is the same with the other sections of his book. Dealing with the foundation and the expansion of the Metropolitan Police, the highly specialised training of the



THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL THE BOW STREET RUNNERS, THE DETECTIVES OF THEIR DAY: JOHN TOWNSEND, WHO WAS AT ONE TIME "A SORT OF BODY GUARD FOR ROYALTY," INCLUDING KING GEORGE IV.

Reproduced from "The Story of Scotland Yard," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. Geoffrey Bles.

army should enter an enemy's country without scouts. Law and order, generally speaking, could only be maintained within the range of a police officer's eyesight. The uniform, with its prestige, which was a help in moments of decisive action, was a hindrance in the more subtle processes of detective work."

Then three Inspectors and nine Sergeants were taken out of uniform and set to work in "civvies." It was a beginning, but a poor beginning. There was no centralisation; nothing but a nebulous plan of campaign. The selected officers had to do duty wherever they were wanted. "As with the old Bow Street runners, anyone in England—and sometimes out of it—who chose to pay the expenses, might employ one of these men." They justified themselves quickly, but, save that they were not venal, not to be "sweetened," they were little improvement upon their red-waistcoated, baton-and-crown predecessors, the creation of the far-seeing blind magistrate, Sir John Fielding.

Now, "a little less than a twentieth part of the Metropolitan Police is composed of detectives. . . . There are actually 900 men under the control of the Criminal Investigation Department, and of these the majority are attached to divisions. At Scotland Yard itself, there are between 200 and 250 men, many of whom are attached to the specialist departments, such as the Special Branch, the Finger-Print Department, and the Criminal Record Office. . . . The 'Big Four' superintendents, as the newspapers love to call them, are the link between the Scotland Yard administration and the divisional detectives. Each is responsible for the detective work of a quarter of London."

Needless to say, training is extensive, intensive, and peculiar. The embryo detective is seconded from the uniformed ranks as having special intelligence, initiative, and observation, and if he has been judged aright, if he passes his preliminaries as a plain-clothes man, he becomes



CREATOR OF THE BOW STREET RUNNERS AND PATROLS, INCLUDING A HORSE PATROL TO CHECK HIGHWAY ROBBERY: SIR JOHN FIELDING, THE BLIND MAGISTRATE.

Reproduced from "The Story of Scotland Yard," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. Geoffrey Bles.

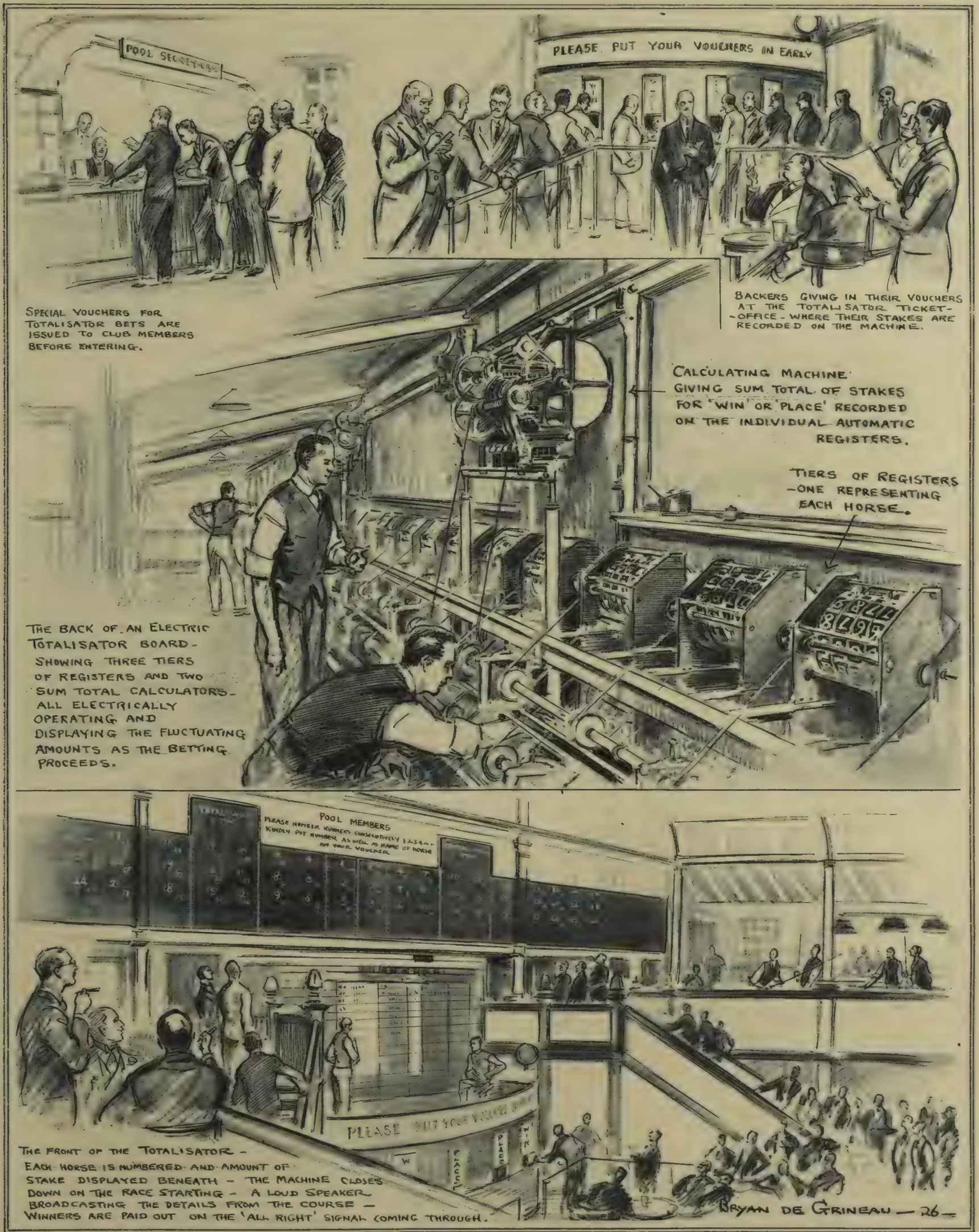
officers and men, uniformed and ununiformed; with domestic dissensions; with the growth of the gigantic organisation, its failures and its triumphs; with queer cases that have confronted it, he is always informative and never dull. "Scotland Yard: Its History and Associations" is an alluring title: it does not belie itself. E. H. G.

\* "The Story of Scotland Yard: Its History and Associations." By George Dilnot. (Geoffrey Bles; 16s. net.)



## AN AUTOMATIC "BOOKIE": MECHANICAL BETTING BY THE TOTALISATOR.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## MUCH DISCUSSED IN RACING CIRCLES SINCE THE "STRIKE" OF BOOKMAKERS AT WINDSOR: THE TOTALISATOR.

The recent demonstration against the betting tax made by certain bookmakers at a Windsor race meeting has drawn attention to the automatic betting machine known as the Totalisator. The Select Committee on Betting Duty, in its report, suggested that the machine should be legalised for use on racecourses in this country, as it provides fair odds for a backer's money and an infallible and automatic method of collecting the betting tax. The Totalisator was invented by an Australian, Mr. G. A. Julius, and the first was installed at Auckland, New Zealand, in 1913. It is in use almost throughout Australia (except in Victoria), as well as in parts of India and Ceylon, and it has now been legalised in the

Irish Free State. The largest Totalisator in Australia is at Randwick, where on one day no fewer than 300,000 bets were registered, involving £120,000. Our illustrations show the only electrical Totalisator at present in Europe, installed at a well-known London sporting club. Vouchers are handed in at the windows marked "Win" and "Place," the number of vouchers being recorded on the blackboard. As each bet is made the machine shows the amount staked on each horse, with the total on all horses, and the result is announced immediately after a race. The Pari-Mutuel system as used in France is worked by human agency, thus differing from the Totalisator, which is entirely mechanical.



# FLYING; AND FILMS: AIRCRAFT; "NAPOLEON" AND "BEN HUR."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL; AND BY COURTESY OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.



WITH SECRET "ARRESTING GEAR" FOR AIRCRAFT ALIGHTING UPON HER: THE U.S. AEROPLANE-CARRIER "LANGLEY," SHOWING 'PLANES ON HER DECK.



A DESERT AIR-EXPRESS FOR 'IMPERIAL AIRWAYS: THE DE HAVILLAND "HERCULES," FOR THE CAIRO-KARACHI AIR SERVICE.



MODELS FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE NAVAL BATTLE AT TOULON IN 1793: STAGING THE SEA-FIGHT FOR THE NEW FILM, "NAPOLEON."



THE THREE RUDDERS OF THE "HERCULES": A FEATURE OF THE NEW DE HAVILLAND BIPLANE, WITH THREE BRISTOL ENGINES, FOR THE CAIRO-KARACHI ROUTE.



ONE OF THE GREAT SPECTACULAR SCENES IN "BEN HUR," AT THE TIVOLI: THE CHARIOT-RACE IN WHICH BEN HUR, DRIVING WHITE ARABS, BEATS MESSALA.

The aeroplane-carrier "Langley," here shown during recent manœuvres of the Pacific Fleet, is the mother-ship of the United States Navy's aircraft-squadrons, and has been in use since 1924. Airmen have landed their 'planes on her two thousand five hundred times, without a major mishap. The gear that arrests the aeroplanes and brings them to a stop within the length of the deck is a jealously guarded secret.—The De Havilland "Hercules" is the first of the new aeroplanes which are to fly on the Cairo-Karachi route when that air line is opened in January. It was tested at Stag Lane aerodrome on November 3, when it showed that it could be manœuvred with ease, and that it had a wide speed-range: it actually demonstrated at 130 miles an hour and then at 50 miles



WHEN BEN HUR IS A GALLEY SLAVE UNDER THE ROMANS: A PIRATE CRAFT GRAPPLING AND BOARDING A TRIREME CRIPPLED BY THE SHEARING-AWAY OF HER OARS.

an hour without losing or gaining height.—The new film, "Ben Hur," has just begun its run at the Tivoli. It is remarkable for its spectacles, notably a battle between pirates and a Roman fleet in one of whose triremes Ben Hur is a galley slave, and a spirited chariot-race in which Ben Hur defeats his rival, Messala. The story is that of General Lew Wallace's novel, "Ben Hur." To give an idea of the magnitude of the production, it may be noted that the cast contains "twenty famous stars and 50,000 actors." The "Circus Maximus" was built up twice, once in Rome and once in California. It had a capacity of 80,000 people; and "something like this number actually occupied it on the great day of the filming, 10,000 being paid 'extras,' and the remainder volunteers."



## THE MOST ADVENTUROUS OF WINTER SPORTS: SKI-ING IN THE ALPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. KLOPFENSTEIN.



TRAILING CLOUDS OF SNOW IN THEIR HEADLONG DESCENT: A PARTY OF SKI-ERS COMING DOWN A STEEP SLOPE OVER A VIRGIN SNOWFIELD NEAR ADELBODEN, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.



A "CLAPHAM JUNCTION" OF THE SKI SLOPES NEAR ADELBODEN: A NETWORK OF TRACKS ON THE SNOW BEARING A CURIOUS RESEMBLANCE TO CONVERGING RAILWAY LINES.

Ski-ing, or ski-running, is more adventurous than any other form of winter sport, as the scope of operations is practically unlimited. The ski-er can roam at will over the snow, but he should never go far afield alone, in case of an incapacitating fall, from which the greatest adept is not exempt. Hence ski-ers are generally seen, as here, in groups and parties. Adelboden is a great centre for this pastime, and there is a variety of ski tours in that district. A delightful chapter on the

art of ski-ing, very useful to the novice, is given by Mr. E. F. Benson in his "Winter Sports in Switzerland." Describing a beginner's tumble during a straight descent, the writer says: "He may then employ the few moments' pause in observing, from the tracks of his skis, whether he has kept his feet together. If he has, he may feel justifiably pleased with himself, but he must not be discouraged if the tracks resemble the old broad-gauge of the Great Western Railway."



# TWO "PLAYGROUNDS" FOR WINTER SPORT: SWITZERLAND AND SWEDEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTZ (ST. MORITZ), BUTNER (VILLARS), NORBERG (STOCKHOLM), AND NAEGLI (GSTAAD).



THE BIGGEST "THRILL" IN WINTER SPORT: SKI-JUMPING—A JUMPER TAKING OFF AT THE JULIER LEAP, NEAR ST. MORITZ.



A PARADISE FOR SKATERS IN SWITZERLAND: THE VILLARS PALACE RINK, WITH A GAME OF ICE-HOCKEY IN PROGRESS (IN THE FOREGROUND).



A POPULAR FORM OF WINTER SPORT IN SWEDEN: ICE-YACHTING—THE START OF A RACE ON LAKE VATTERN.



AT A FAMOUS CENTRE OF WINTER SPORT IN SWEDEN: A SLEIGHING PARTY OUTSIDE THE HOTEL AT SILJANSBORG, IN DALECARLIA.



A FAVOURITE CENTRE FOR WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND: THE VILLAGE OF GSTAAD, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND, SHOWING THE SKATING RINK.

Winter sport can be enjoyed not only in Switzerland, which has long been the favourite resort for British visitors intent thereon, but also in the Scandinavian countries, which by their climate and natural features are specially adapted to such pursuits. In Sweden a large proportion of the population goes in for winter sports, and the numerous lakes round about Stockholm and elsewhere provide

excellent facilities for ice-yachting, as well as skating. The various other winter pastimes, such as ski-ing, ski-jumping, sleighing, and tobogganing, are likewise available. Siljansborg, the scene of one of our photographs, a delightful place among pinewoods, is the headquarters of winter sport in the province of Dalarna, otherwise known as Dalecarlia.



## THE ECSTASY OF SPEED: WINTER SPORT THRILLS IN THE ALPS.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY "PIERROT."



ENJOYING THE ECSTASY OF SPEED IN MERRY COMPANY: "BOBBING AT WENGEN"—ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR DELIGHTS OF WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND.



A SOLITARY SPEED THRILL: "LUGEING AT MÜRREN"—A SHARP BEND IN THE TRACK, DOWN WHICH THE LUGER HURTLES FACE FORWARD AT HEADLONG PACE.

Wengen and Mürren, in the Bernese Oberland, are both very popular with British visitors who go to Switzerland for winter sport. Wengen lies at a height of over 4000 ft. on the slopes of a range of mountains that separates the valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. Mürren is more than a thousand feet higher.

A scene of ski-ing there is illustrated in colour on a double-page in this number. Tobogganing in its various forms, including "bobbing" and "lugeing," can be enjoyed at these two places under ideal conditions, besides, of course, various other winter pastimes.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# THE LURE OF THE ALPINE SNOWS: A WINTER SPORT PARADISE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT STEINER, W. GABI, AND GUSTAV SOMMER.



FAMOUS FOR THE CRESTA RUN, AND NUMEROUS SKATING RINKS : ST. MORITZ, IN THE ENGADINE, THE HIGHEST WINTER RESORT.



IN A PICTURESQUE SNOW SETTING: ST. GIAN, NEAR CELERINA, WHICH IS SITUATED A LITTLE BELOW THE END OF THE CRESTA RUN.



THE WINTER WONDERLAND OF SWISS MOUNTAINS: A VIEW-POINT FOR A GLORIOUS ALPINE PANORAMA, NEAR WENGEN.



SEEN THROUGH THE SNOW-CLAD TREES ON AN ALPINE SLOPE: A DISTANT VIEW OF SAMADEN, IN THE ENGADINE.

St. Moritz, famous among tobogganers for the Cresta Run, and a great place for skating and curling, is the highest of winter sport resorts, being over 6000 ft. above sea-level. 'Samaden, which is a ten-minutes railway journey from St. Moritz, is nearly as high (5670 ft.), and about midway between the two is

another popular sport centre, Celerina, which lies a little below the end of the Cresta Run. St. Moritz is situated in the Engadine, while Wengen is in the Bernese Oberland. A colour-drawing of "bobbing" at Wengen is given on another page in this number.



## WITCHERIES OF THE SNOW QUEEN: LOVELY EFFECTS ON ALPINE TREES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT STEINER AND GUSTAV SOMMER.



"THE TREES WEAR FINE FEATHERS AND PLUMES OF WHITENESS":  
A TREE "IN FULL BLOOM" OF SNOW NEAR ST. MORITZ.



SILHOUETTED IN WHITE OF EXQUISITE TRACERY AGAINST A BACKGROUND  
OF DARK WOODED FOOTHILLS: TREES COVERED IN HOAR-FROST.



TOUCHED BY THE SNOW QUEEN'S MAGIC WAND: RIME-CLAD TREES  
IN THE ENGADINE, BESIDE THE RIVER INN.



HUNG WITH GLEAMING JEWELS OF THE FROST: A SMALL TREE  
BESIDE AN ALPINE LAKE—A BEAUTIFUL SNOW EFFECT.

The Alps in winter have other charms besides that of sport; to anyone with an eye for nature they become a fairyland of beauty, and the trees especially assume exquisite forms at the touch of snow and frost. "If snow has fallen while wind is blowing," writes Mr. E. F. Benson, in his "Winter Sports in Switzerland" (George Allen), "it is driven into all manner of curving wave-crests and undula-

tions; then, when the fall is over, the sky clears again, a night of frost hardens and congeals the outlines, and the trees wear fine feathers and plumes of whiteness. . . . One more night of frost covers every sprig and fir-needle with amazing spikes and fern-like sprays of minute crystal. Wondrous are their growths, more particularly if some cold mist comes up from the valleys."



# ON SKI IN A FAIRYLAND OF WINTER SPORT: SUNSET GLOW IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY "PIERROT."



## "THE EVENING RUN, MÜRREN": A SKIER'S PARADISE IN THE ALPS.

Winter sport is once more attracting its devotees to Switzerland, and a favourite centre for British visitors is Murren, where all the sports are well organised. It is a good place for beginners in ski-ing, as they receive much encouragement, and there are frequent races and tests. "Ski-ing," writes Mr. Arnold Lunn in "The Mountains of Youth" (Oxford University Press), "makes demands on mind as well as on muscle. The expert must study Nature in one of her most

fascinating and elusive moods. He must adapt his tactics to every fickle fancy of the snow. . . . For the ski-runner the snow is no inert mantle on the hills, the shroud which buries those dead pastures which are waiting for the resurrection of the spring. It is alive with a multiple personality. He learns to love the snow as a friend, and to wrestle with it as an enemy."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



# THE COLOUR OF BRITISH AQUATIC BIRDS: AN ORNITHOLOGIST AS ARTIST.



A BIRD THAT HAS LONG CEASED TO NEST IN ENGLAND: THE BLACK TERN (BELOW); WITH WHITE-WINGED BLACK TERN (ADULT AND YOUNG, ABOVE), OCCASIONAL VISITORS.



A RARE ARCTIC SPECIES OCCASIONALLY VISITING BRITAIN: SABINE'S GULL (LEFT), WITH THE WEDGE-TAILED GULL, ANOTHER POLAR SPECIES, ONCE SEEN IN YORKSHIRE.



OUR SMALLEST WEB-FOOTED BIRD: THE STORM-PETREL (UPPER LEFT), WITH WILSON'S PETREL (LOWER LEFT), A RARE VISITOR, AND LEACH'S FORK-TAILED PETREL (RIGHT), OF ST. KILDA AND THE HEBRIDES.



A BREEDER ON PRECIPITOUS SEA-CLIFFS: THE RAZORBILL (BELOW); WITH THE COMMON GUILLEMOT, THAT ALSO LAYS ON CLIFF LEDGES.



ABUNDANT ON ALL OUR COASTS AND ESTUARIES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, AND OFTEN SEEN INLAND: THE HERRING-GULL (ADULT AND YOUNG), A BIRD THAT IS ALMOST OMNIVOROUS.

The new edition of Mr. Archibald Thorburn's "British Birds," illustrated with his own exquisite colour-plates, is now complete with the recent issue of the fourth volume. The whole work contains 192 plates, which, with the descriptive notes that accompany them, constitute a delightful record of a fascinating subject. As with the three previous volumes, which were similarly illustrated in our issues of June 6

and October 31, 1925, and of June 26 last, we reproduce in colour typical examples from the forty-eight plates in Vol. IV., and on a later page we publish a special review of the book by Mr. W. P. Pycraft. "Those of ripe experience who turn over these pages," he writes, "will see at a glance that Mr. Thorburn combines the cunning of the artist with the first-hand knowledge of the ornithologist."





Painted by W. D. Smith

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Engraved by James C. Smith

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# A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: "ROAD TRANSPORT."

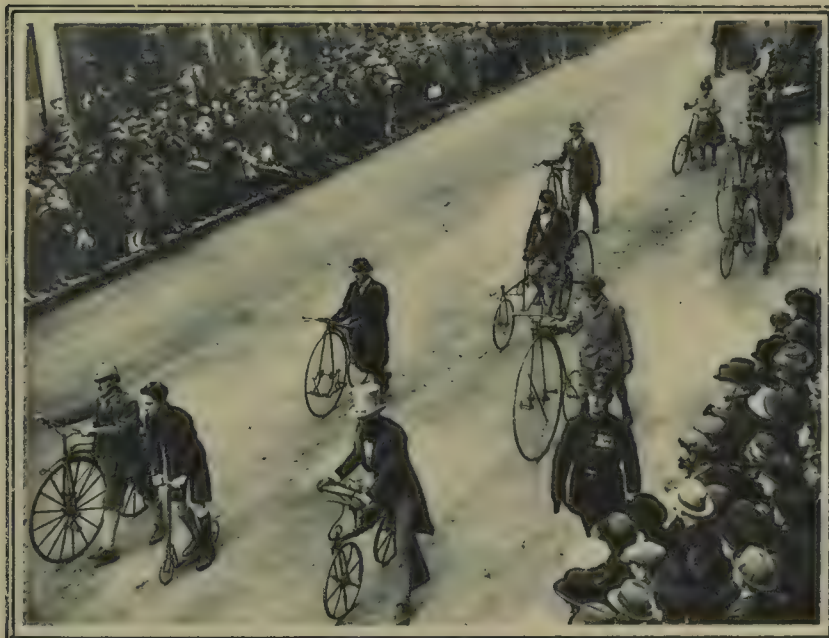
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., AITKEN, TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



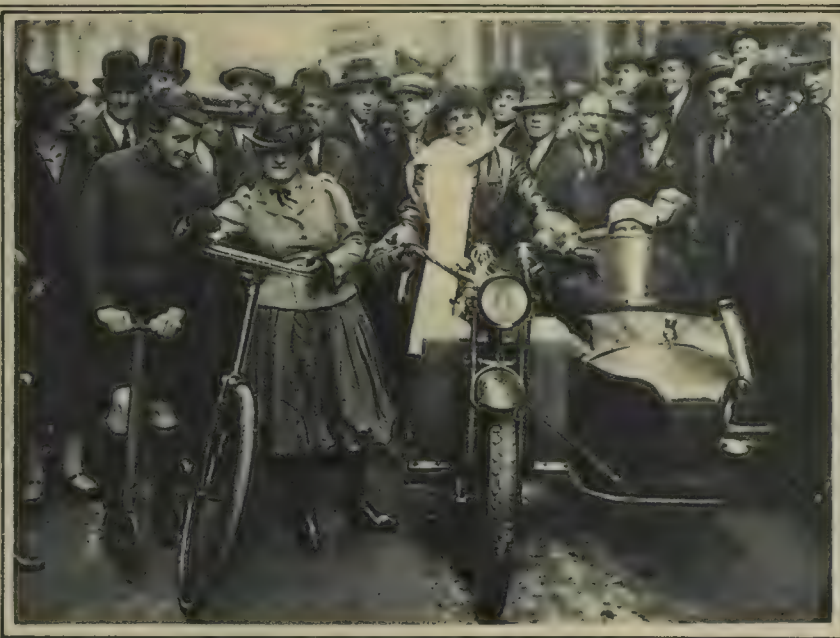
IN THE DAYS OF HUMAN CARRIERS AND HORSE TRANSPORT: "A POLE SUPPORTED BY TWO MEN WITH LOAD SUSPENDED; WELSH MILK-WOMAN WITH YOKE AND PAIRS; PACK-HORSE, PILLION-HORSE, AND SADDLE HORSES" IN THE PROCESSION—IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, SIR ALAN COBHAM'S AEROPLANE



IN THE DAYS OF HUMAN CARRIERS: A SEDAN-CHAIR, WITH A LADY PASSENGER, FIGURING IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 1926



INCLUDING A VELOCIPEDE, "PENNY-FARTHINGS," A TRICYCLE, "ORDINARIES," PNEUMATIC-TYRED BICYCLES, AND MOTOR-BICYCLES: THE BICYCLE UNIT.



THE OLD AND THE NEW: A "BLOOMERED" WOMAN CYCLIST AND A MODERN MOTOR-CYCLIST IN THE BICYCLE UNIT SECTION OF THE PAGEANT.



A CONTRAST IN STYLE AND POWER: AN EARLY VAUXHALL MOTOR-CAR FOLLOWED BY A MODERN MOTOR-CAR.



AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS: A "KNIFE-BOARD" HORSE OMNIBUS, FOLLOWED BY A "B" TYPE, WAR-PERIOD MOTOR-OMNIBUS, AND A COVERED-TOP MOTOR OMNIBUS.

This year's Lord Mayor's Show had as a particular feature a "Pageant of Road Passenger Transport—Past and Present," ranging from "Human Carriers," which included a sedan-chair and, in the non-passenger-carrying section, a pole supported by two men, with load suspended, and a Welsh milk-woman with yoke and pails, to the De Havilland aeroplane flown from London to Cape Town and back and from London to Australia and back by Sir Alan Cobham. Also, in this part of

the procession were represented the pack-horse, the pillion-horse, saddle-horses, the wheel-barrow, bicycles, gigs, buggies, hansoms, "growlers," taxis, victorias, and other horse-vehicles; ancient and modern motor-cars; the posting-carriage and pair, contrasted with a Rolls-Royce; a coach-and-four; and a "knife-board" omnibus, contrasting with the modern motor-omnibuses. The other very notable feature of the Show was a review of London Fire Brigades, past and present.



# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: INTERESTING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



A SUNKEN WARSHIP LIKE AN ISLAND AT LOW TIDE: THE SCUTTLED GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "MOLTKE," WHOSE HULL IS BEING PATCHED WITH CEMENT WITH A VIEW TO RAISING HER, AT SCAPA FLOW.



WITH A SQUARE-CUT STERN WHICH CONTAINS PORT-HOLES FOR DROPPING MINES: THE NAVY'S NEW SHIP, H.M.S. "ADVENTURE," WHICH RECENTLY LEFT PLYMOUTH FOR HER TRIALS.



HAVANA AFTER THE RECENT HURRICANE, WHICH KILLED 600 PEOPLE, INJURED 9000, AND RENDERED 6000 FAMILIES HOMELESS: WRECKAGE OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE PORT'S DOCK, AND THE S.S. "THORGERD," SAVED FROM DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.



TESTIMONY TO THE TERRIFIC VIOLENCE OF THE CUBAN HURRICANE: THE RECENTLY ERECTED MONUMENT TO THE U.S.S. "MAINE" AT HAVANA MOSTLY SMASHED INTO FRAGMENTS (INCLUDING THE AMERICAN EAGLE).



PRINCESS ASTRID'S TUMULTUOUS WELCOME AT ANTWERP: WALKING WITH HER BRIDEGROOM, PRINCE LEOPOLD (CARRYING BOUQUET, NEAR CENTRE FOREGROUND, TO LEFT OF WHITE HORSE), THROUGH A DENSE AND SURGING CROWD.

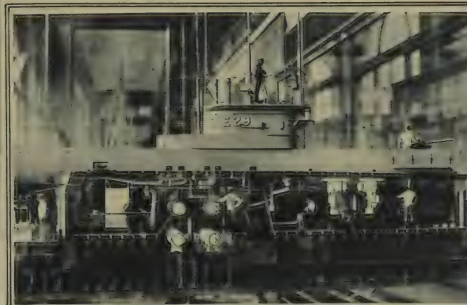


PRINCESS ASTRID'S ARRIVAL IN BRUSSELS (L. TO R.) PRINCE CARL OF SWEDEN

The work of salvaging the scuttled German Fleet at Scapa Flow was recently extended to the battle-cruiser "Moltke," whose hull at low tide rises above the surface like a small island. For patching holes in the "Moltke" cement is being used, instead of wood, as with the "Hindenburg."—The new British mine-layer, H.M.S. "Adventure," peculiar for her square-cut stern, lately left Plymouth to undergo her trials.—The new Naval Wing of the Imperial War Museum at South Kensington was opened to the public on Armistice Day. It contains some remarkable models—some worth as much as £3000—of various types of warships, also many relics of the war at sea.—In the great hurricane that recently devastated Havana and other places in Cuba, some 600 people were killed, 9000 suffered injuries, and 6000 families were rendered homeless, while the material damage was estimated at £12,000,000.—Princess Astrid of Sweden, with her parents, landed at Antwerp on November 6, and went on later in the day by train to Brussels, for her wedding there on the 10th to the

# TOPICAL EVENTS RECORDED BY ILLUSTRATION.

TOPICAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AITKEN, AND C.N.



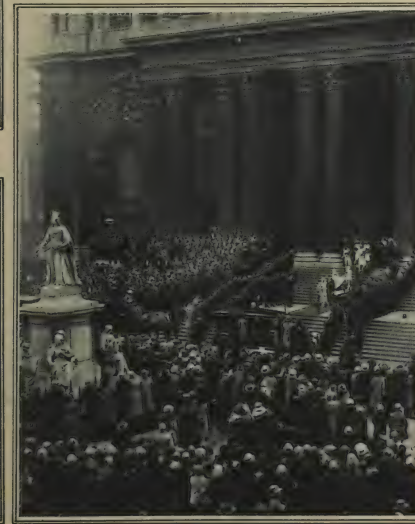
IN THE NEW NAVAL WING OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, OPENED ON ARMISTICE DAY: A SECTIONAL MODEL OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE, WITH THE CREW AT THEIR STATIONS.



THE LIGHTING OF THE LAMPS ON THE LEWISHAM WAR MEMORIAL: THE DEDICATION SERVICE IN PROGRESS, CONDUCTED BY THE REV. E. F. EDGE-PARTINGTON.



WHERE SOME OF THE SHIP MODELS ARE WORTH £300 EACH: THE NAVAL WING OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM—A MODEL OF THE MONITOR "MARSHAL SOULT," OF THE TYPE USED TO BOMBARD GERMANS ON THE BELGIAN COAST.



THE FIRST WEDDING IN ST. PAUL'S FOR SIXTEEN YEARS: THE EX-LADY MAYORESS AND HER BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL.



FOR HER WEDDING TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF BELGIUM: THE ROYAL CARRIAGE CONTAINING (THE BRIDE'S FATHER), THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, AND KING ALBERT.

Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium. At Antwerp the royal party, including the King and Queen of the Belgians, walked through an enthusiastic crowd from the quay to the Town Hall, and thence to the station. The throng was so thick that King Albert had several times to ask people to make way.—The Lady Mayoress (Miss Ethel Annie Pryke, daughter of the ex-Lord Mayor, Sir William Pryke, and the late Lady Pryke), was married in St. Paul's on November 6, a few days before her father's term of office expired, to Mr. Cyril T. Turner, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Turner, of Wanstead. The bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth and Miss Margaret Blades (twin daughters of the new Lord Mayor, Sir Rowland Blades), Miss Doris Kingston, and Miss Eileen Bowen. The bride's little train-bearers were Miss Peggy Pryke and Miss Jean Port. It is half a century since a Lord Mayor's daughter holding the position of Lady Mayoress has been married from the Mansion House, and this was also the first wedding in St. Paul's for some sixteen years.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, LAFAYETTE, HAY WRIGHTSON, RUSSELL, CLAUDE HARRIS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, S. AND G., TOPICAL, AND DOWNEY.



THE NEW LIBERAL CHIEF WHIP: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT HUTCHISON, M.P.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR, THE LADY MAYORESS, AND THE MAIDS OF HONOUR: SIR ROWLAND BLADES, BT., M.P., LADY BLADES, AND THE MISSES E. BLADES, M. BLADES, J. BLADES, AND HULTON, THE HON. MISS BETHELL, AND THE MISSES METHUEN, HULTON, HEADLEY, VINCENT, MESSON, GREENAWAY, AND Y. BLADES.



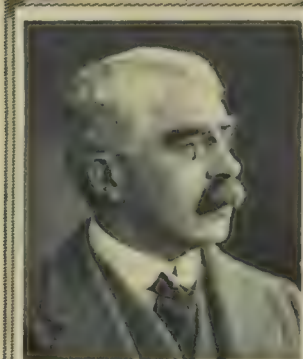
THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S: THE LATE DR. JOHN OWEN.



NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY ORGANISATION: MR. J. C. C. DAVIDSON.



FOUNDER OF THE "PROMS.": THE LATE MR. ROBERT NEWMAN.



PROFESSOR OF OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY: THE LATE DR. W. E. FOTHERGILL.



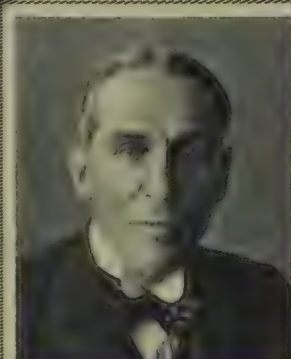
A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH PUBLISHER: THE LATE MR. EDWARD BELL.



A WELL-KNOWN U.S. ACTOR-MANAGER: THE LATE MR. J. K. HACKETT.



AN ACTOR WHO IS NOW A BARONET: SIR RONALD SINCLAIR.



THE FORMER LIBERAL CHIEF WHIP: SIR GODFREY COLLINS.



A DISTINGUISHED LONDON MAGISTRATE: THE LATE MR. H. T. WADDY.



WHEN HIS MAJESTY ENTERTAINED THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE DELEGATES: THE KING, WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE DOMINION PRIME MINISTERS. B. R. (l. to r.), Mr. W. S. Monroe (Newfld.); Mr. J. G. Coates (N.Z.); Mr. S. Bruce (Aus.); Gen. Hertzog (S.A.), and Mr. W. T. Cosgrave (I.F.S.). F.R.—Mr. Baldwin, His Majesty, and Mr. Mackenzie King (Can.).



TO LIVE IN THE UNITED STATES: SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, THE FAMOUS CONDUCTOR.

Major-General Sir Robert Hutchison entered the Dragoon Guards in 1900 and retired in 1923. He became a Liberal Whip in 1924.—Mr. Davidson, who succeeds the Rt. Hon. F. S. Jackson, is still under forty. Until his new appointment, he was Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty.—Sir Rowland Blades, who took office as Lord Mayor of London on November 9, has been M.P. for the Epsom Division of Surrey since December 1918. It will interest our lady readers to know that the dresses worn by the Lady Mayoress and her Maids of Honour are by Jays.—The Bishop of St. David's was seventy-two. He was one of the four Welsh Bishops appointed before Disestablishment.—Mr. Newman founded the Promenade Concerts, the outstanding feature of Queen's Hall seasons

since 1895.—Professor Fothergill was Professor of Clinical Obstetrics and Gynæcology in the University of Manchester.—Mr. Edward Bell was the chairman of the publishing house of George Bell and Sons.—Mr. Hackett was well known as actor, manager, and producer, and he made a notable success as Macbeth.—Sir Ronald Sinclair succeeded his uncle, the late Sir John Sinclair, the other day. He is an actor attached to the Liverpool Playhouse company. He was married this year to Miss Ingle, a member of the same company.—Sir Godfrey Collins resigned last week.—Sir Thomas Beecham has announced that he will live in the United States in future, and it is understood that he has been invited to conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra next year.



## TRICKS OF BABYLONIAN PRIESTCRAFT: BULLS WITH INTERNAL BORINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF M. F. THUREAU-DANGIN, OF THE MUSÉE DU LOUVRE, PARIS, AND DR. H. R. HALL, KEEPER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EGYPTIAN AND ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES, BRITISH MUSEUM. DESCRIPTION BY MR. SIDNEY SMITH, M.A.

1  
"ALL over the world, in various ages," writes Mr. Sidney Smith, "the bull has been worshipped. From the earliest times in Egypt to the present day in Southern India, images of the bull have been treated as divine. The association of the bull with worship of the stars was natural in Babylonia, the land of star-worshippers.

(Continued in Box 2.)



2. ONCE USED FOR PRIESTLY TRICKERY IN A BABYLONIAN TEMPLE, AND NOW IN THE LOUVRE: A SACRED BULL (OF ABOUT 2300 B.C.), MARKED WITH TREFOIL DECORATION TO REPRESENT STARS—THE "BULL OF HEAVEN" (TAURUS).

4  
to make holy oil exude from the muzzle of the bull on to the suppliant, when (and only when) they, the priests, were satisfied? In pagan religions of the savage type there are many cases where ethnologists and anthropologists have recorded such hocus-pocus by priests. Archæologists

(Continued in Box 5.)



1. WITH A HOLE IN THE MUZZLE TO EMIT OIL OR A BELLOW: THE LOUVRE BULL—FRONT OF NO. 2.

3  
Museum and the Louvre, now possess large stone figures of bulls which must belong to a date quite as early, if not earlier. That at the British Museum (Figs. 4, 5, and 6) is remarkably fine for artistic reasons, but both are particularly interesting because they were clearly used by priests, if not to deceive, at least to impress the lay worshippers. That these stone figures of bulls were used in religious cult is obvious from their character; and from the inlay on that in the Louvre (Figs. 1, 2, and 3) it is certain that 'the Bull of Heaven' is intended. I am informed by Major Mocatta that the bull which he has very generously presented to the Trustees of the British Museum was found at Sinkarah, the site of the ancient city of Larsa. Both these bulls are bored right through the body from back to front, as the photographs show, and this passage is joined by another from the back, sunk to meet the first at right angles. The perpendicular passage is the same bore throughout, and is just wide enough to take a not very fat finger. The horizontal passage decreases and issues at the muzzle in a tiny hole. Two suggestions have been made to me with regard to these holes. (1) It is possible that by means of them this bull was made to roar, by some pipes. Such a trick would have appealed to the Babylonians, for they represented bulls on the top of door-posts to account for the squeaking, and on stringed instruments, to account for the music; it may be that at certain points in the religious service the god was supposed to speak through the mouth of the holy bull. (2) A very interesting analogy to these bulls may be found in vessels from the Mediterranean. In Crete and elsewhere wine-fillers in the shape of bulls' heads have been found, with a small hole through the muzzle. In Cyprus, vases in the shape of bulls, with a hole in the muzzle for spout, were used at some period in the second millennium before Christ. These were holy vessels, it is presumed, used in religious rites: the trickle of fluid from them represented perhaps a gift from the god. May these stone bulls from Babylonia have been so worked by the priests that they were able

(Continued in Box 4.)



3. WITH A LARGE CAVITY RUNNING THROUGH THE BODY AND CONTINUING TO THE MUZZLE: THE BACK OF NO. 2.



4. WITH A HOLE IN THE MUZZLE SIMILAR TO THAT IN FIG. 1: THE BRITISH MUSEUM BULL.

2  
and from Babylonian belief our constellation Taurus ultimately derives its name. The earliest-known representation of the 'Bull of Heaven' dates from 2300-2200 B.C., at Ur, where a steatite vase with a bull in low relief, spotted with inlaid stars in the shape of Charles's Wain, was found. But the two great museums of England and France, the British

(Continued in Box 3.)



5. SHOWING (ON TOP OF THE BACK) THE MOUTH OF A VERTICAL HOLE CONNECTED WITH A HORIZONTAL BORE THROUGH THE BODY, ISSUING AT THE MUZZLE: THE SACRED BABYLONIAN BULL FROM SINKARAH, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

6  
have often suspected such practices in ancient religions. In Egypt, for instance, the hand of the statue of Amen-Ra may have been made to move and touch the king in certain ceremonials. Divine statues were supposed to talk—and walk. These two bulls from Babylonia may be monuments of such a piece of pious trickery."



6. SHOWING THE LARGE OPENING OF A HORIZONTAL BORE THROUGH THE BODY: BACK VIEW OF NO. 5.



## For Ski-ing, Skating, and the Dance.



Bright orange and soft grey are the colours of the snowproof and windproof suits worn by these little people; they are built of "Burella," one of the famous proofed materials of Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W.



A cosy outfit for the snow in cedar-coloured superweight stockinette, complete with a warm fleecy scarf. It is to be found at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.



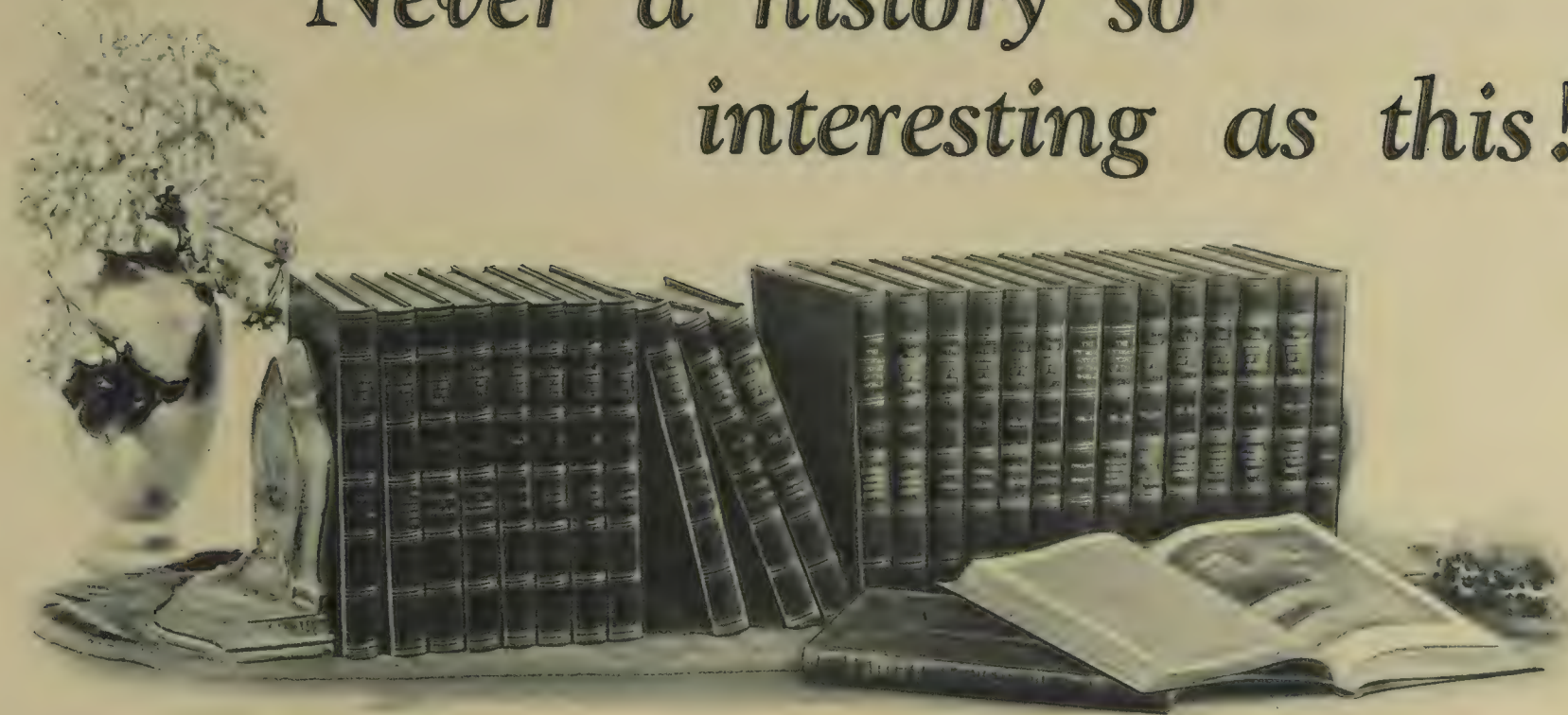
No chill will penetrate this trim skating outfit with long woollen leginettes and a stockinette jumper boasting a scarf and pockets of gaily striped wool. It may be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.



Every hotel has its fancy dress ball, and here are two beautiful costumes from Dickens and Jones, Regent Street, W. They represent Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and are carried out in beautiful satins and brocades.



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# Fashions & Fancies

"AND SO TO SWITZERLAND!" IS THE CLOSING ENTRY OF MANY LONDON DIARIES JUST NOW, WHOSE FORTUNATE OWNERS ARE FLYING TO OUTDOOR PLEASURES IN THE SNOWS.

pink seem to be strong rivals, and are certainly very effective worn with black boots, puttees, and kilt. The boots themselves may boast a border of astrachan, completed with gloves to match. Choosing boots for ski-ing and skating is a matter for an expert's advice, and in many of the large firms to-day there are proven winter sports athletes ready to give their valuable aid on this and other important points.

## Practical and Inexpensive Outfits.

A splendid illustration of a practical ski-ing outfit is the model pictured on the left, which has been built by the well-known sports outfitters, Gamages, Holborn, E.C. Made of gabardine, which is snowproof, windproof, and fadeless, in a striking shade of hunting pink, the collar, belt, buttons, and wind-straps may be made in the same or in a contrasting colour. The price is £6 6s. complete. Another practical model, the "Davos," made with a plain double-breasted coat and long trousers, can even be secured for £5, made of the same material. Neat hats which are becoming and very comfortable—a point of importance when tumbles are ordinary occurrences—can be obtained for 10s. 6d. in proofed gabardine, to match

Christened the "Chamonix" is this practical ski-ing suit of proofed gabardine in a cheerful shade of "hunting pink." It is to be found at Gamages, Holborn, E.C.

## Ski-Time in Switzerland.

Switzerland in winter is almost as ruthless in its judgment of newcomers as a public school. To appear a novice is an unforgivable sin, and it is by the clothes and general accoutrement that one is usually judged. It is no use to attempt to ski in fascinating woollies that in London looked irresistible—they will gain no sympathy in the snow when their proper sphere is on the ice. For ski-ing, practical suits of a smooth, snow-shedding texture—for example, proofed gabardine—are far the most practical, and they are obtainable with breeches, "jodhpur" trousers, or "plus fours" in the brightest of colours. Orange, scarlet, and emerald—these are colours which show up splendidly against the glittering white background; and some of the smartest suits have short coats of black leather to wear on top. A few are lined with leopard, showing a tiny edging at the neck and pockets, but for really long and difficult ski treks, fur is best avoided. The newest mode introduced in ski-ing outfits, copied from the tennis "stars," is the wearing of short socks with rolled-down tops over the boot, though close-fitting puttees to which the snow cannot cling are more workmanlike in practice and appearance.

## "Football" Jerseys on the Ice.

It is for skating that "woollies" come to the fore: brightly coloured scarves and sweaters with brief skirts and jaunty little caps to match. The most fashionable sweater this year, which will grace every field of sport, is the striped "football" jersey, which is carried out in a multitude of amusing colour-schemes, sometimes shaded and with the stripes varying in width. These are knitted in such fine wool that it almost resembles stockinette; while the skirt and scarf may be much heavier, striped to match. Another mode, which should be indulged in by every good Scotswoman, is the jumper bordered with a real tartan, and these look exceedingly smart with a tartan skirt to match. On the ice, at any rate, skirts are still the favourite form of outfit. Breeches are not nearly so graceful as a short kilt swinging with every gliding movement, and one of the smartest models has a brief skirt, which can be transformed in a second into a cape, should its former rôle begin to pall! The colours of the woollies may be as brilliant as you please; there is no fear of "overdoing it" in such surroundings. This year, a bright mustard-yellow and cherry-

A black coat, with trousers of bright blue, expresses this effective ski-ing outfit introducing the fashionable jodhpur trousers. It is one of the latest models at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.

the suits, or for 12s. 11d. in coloured suède; while beautiful warm camel-hair socks with striped turn-over tops to match skating woollies may be secured for 7s. 6d. a pair. A veritable fount of inspiration to winter sports enthusiasts is the interesting brochure issued by this firm, "Winter Sports Hints." It includes details of the journey, hotels, and actual sports, and will be sent gratis and post free on request.

## A Two-Colour Scheme.

There is no doubt about it, coats and trousers of vividly contrasting colours are very effective out there in the snows. Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., are making some particularly attractive outfits carrying out this idea, including the one sketched above, which has a black coat and bright-blue trousers. Made of proofed ribbed gabardine, which is extremely snow-resisting, the price is eight guineas. Another, also in gabardine, has the black coat faced with bright mustard-yellow and trousers to match. This costs seven guineas. For those who really prefer more sober shades, there are suits of proofed Egyptian cotton, also at seven guineas, in quiet, shaded colourings.

## A Krimmer-Trimmed Skating Suit.

An outfit which will look distinctive amongst the hundreds of skaters on the huge *patinages* in Switzerland is the neat, well-tailored jumper and skirt on the left, the jumper of fine stockinette trimmed with grey krimmer fur, and the box-pleated skirt of gabardine to match. It costs 8½ guineas at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, W., where there are many practical and attractive models. Another, perfectly plain, built of waterproof gabardine, is obtainable in many new bright colours, and costs only £5 18s. 6d., whilst those of covert coating are 7½ guineas.

## A Simple "Sports Complexion" Hint.

There is something in the mountain air which exhilarates you by its sheer strength and buoyancy, but for those very reasons the skin finds it hard and roughening. A very simple remedy which involves but a trifling expense is the use of Beetham's Lait La Rola night and morning. Costing only 1s. 6d. a large bottle, obtainable from all chemists and stores, it is a soothing emollient which clears and whitens the skin and keeps it soft



This distinctive skating suit has the jumper of fine stockinette trimmed with grey krimmer fur and the box-pleated skirt of gabardine to match. It hails from the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.



## FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



A Test Match "Down Under"

## MELBOURNE CRICKET CLUB

The first inter-State match in Australia was played at Melbourne in 1856 and the Melbourne Club shares the distinction of having been one of the two earliest cricket clubs formed in Victoria. To-day it can boast a membership of from five to six thousand and there is always a long waiting list. These are brave figures for a country of Australia's population. In 1881 King George laid the foundation stone of the Melbourne Cricket Club's pavilion, and he is a life member of the club.

The Melbourne Cricket Club occupies its ground under trustees appointed by Parliament. The ground is one of the finest in the world; 239,175 people watched the 1924-25 Test Match at Melbourne, the highest attendance ever known at a cricket match.

The Melbourne wicket is famous for its "everlasting" quality in dry weather—it is a batsman's paradise then. But after rain, and under hot sunshine, the Melbourne wicket is the most popular of any—amongst bowlers!

The Melbourne Club's score-board is colossal, and reveals the state of the game at a glance. It was at Melbourne that an English cricket captain—rather fond of keeping himself on after his bowling had been worn down—received a hint from barrackers. This English captain was bowling with his back to the score-board, when a voice from the crowd called out, "Why don't you go on at the other end, mate; you'll see your analysis then!"

The Melbourne Club is the only one in all Australia which arranges for mid-week cricket matches.

*Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.*



By Appointment

# John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES  
ESTABLISHED 1627



THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

IT is the Queen's custom each year to superintend the unpacking and the sorting of the garments that are sent in at the beginning of winter by members of her Majesty's Needlework Guild. It is a great task, for each of the branch presidents undertakes to supply at least a hundred and fifty garments, and the total last year amounted to forty-seven thousand. The day the Queen came back from Sandringham she lost no time in going to the Imperial Institute, where the parcels are received, and she spent some hours that afternoon with the ladies of the committee, all hard at work unfolding, inspecting, and sorting the clothing, which is to be distributed to various centres of charity, hospitals, welfare centres, and homes.



SPEAKER AT THE DINNER OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS: LADY VIOLET ASTOR.

Photograph by Angus Faith.

Each of the presidents has the right to nominate the society which she wishes to benefit by the work of her branch. The Queen likes to open each parcel herself and supervise the sorting, and takes a special interest in the baby-wear. This meant spending the whole of one day and the greater part of two others' at the Imperial Institute, but her reward was in the fact

that the recipients would know she had taken a personal interest in their needs.

Lady Violet Astor, who with her husband was a guest of the London Branch of the Institute of Journalists at their annual dinner at the Criterion

Restaurant, knows more about journalists and journalism than most women outside Fleet Street do. She and Major Astor accompanied the party of British journalists who visited New Zealand and Australia some time ago. They travelled in advance of the party through Canada to visit friends whom Lady Violet had met when her father, the late Lord Minto, was Governor-General of the Dominion, and in Australia their party was joined by Lord and Lady Apsley, fresh from their experiences as back-blocks settlers. When they were young girls in India—where Lord Minto was at that time Viceroy—the three daughters of the beautiful Lady Minto were famed for their good looks and charm. Since her marriage to Major Astor, Lady Violet has been of great help to him in his political career. She made a pleasant little speech at the journalists' dinner about the growing influence of women in journalism, especially the influence of the women readers who are nowadays catered for so carefully.



WIFE OF THE DIRECTOR OF A FAMOUS TRAVEL BUSINESS: MRS. GEORGE LUNN. Mrs. Lunn takes an active part in the management of that well-known travel business, Messrs. George Lunn's Tours, Ltd. Photograph by Douglas.

It is so many years since Miss Christabel Pankhurst was last in England or made any contribution to the feminist movement in this country, that she might well have been almost forgotten, except by the most devoted of her personal followers. Little has even been heard of her, beyond the surprising news that

she was taking part in some sort of religious propaganda in the United States or in Canada. Nevertheless, a great deal of interest was aroused when it was known that she was to speak last week at a mass meeting in the Queen's Hall, and numbers of her old friends went to hear her on her new crusade, preaching the Second Advent. She had addressed hundreds of other gatherings on the same subject, but most of those audiences would only know her as an exponent of prophecies. Many of the people in the Queen's Hall were too young to have heard her in pre-war days, or to have known the anxiety that so many thousands of Londoners had felt in the militant times as to "what Christabel would be up to now." Some of the policemen she passed as she went into the Hall would remember it well enough, and there in the audience were hundreds of her former colleagues to hear what she had to say about her disillusionment during the war, and her conviction, after the vote for which she had fought so determinedly was granted, that even that could not achieve what she had hoped. And she had to try to fire them with her new enthusiasms and beliefs. The impression they would take away was that "Christabel" had retained her astonishing vitality and intensity of belief, and that the years had left little mark of strain on her appearance or her voice. The building of the students' quarters (Continued overleaf.



PREACHER ON THE SECOND ADVENT, AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST. Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

The Magic of Islam

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*Continued.]* adjoining old Crosby Hall has taken longer than was anticipated, but it is expected that the shell of the new building will be completed by Nov. 17, when the



WITH HER MEMORIAL TABLET TO SIR JOHN CROSBY:  
MRS. E. G. GILICK.  
*Photograph by G.P.U.*

Duchess of York is to unveil the tablet over the entrance to the hall of residence. She will be received by many of the patrons of the Crosby Hall Appeal Fund, who set out to raise £50,000 and who are now trying to collect the last £17,000 in time to announce to the Duchess that it is all clear. They will include the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Reading, Lady Astor, Sir Otto and Lady Beit, and Lady Rhondda.

Crosby Hall, when ready for occupation, will be opened by the Queen, probably early in the New Year. The tablet that the Duchess is to unveil commemorates the acquisition of the Hall by the British Federation of University Women. It is a handsome piece of work bearing a boldly lettered inscription, and decorated at either end with portraits in relief of Sir John Crosby, who built the Hall in the fifteenth century, and of Sir Thomas More, who had a double connection with it. He lived for some years in Crosby Hall when it stood in the City, and the site on which it now stands was part of his Chelsea garden. It is pleasant to know that this tablet is the work of a woman

sculptor, Mrs. E. G. Gillick, who has for years specialised in medallion portraiture and stone inscriptions. Several of her medallion portraits—which some people now prefer to ivory miniatures—have been exhibited at the Royal Academy. Perhaps her most interesting commissions have been for medals to commemorate heroic deeds. It was for the Imperial Air Fleet Committee that she designed the medals presented to those two gallant young airmen, Captain Leefe Robinson and Captain A. de Bathe Brandon, the New Zealander, each of whom brought down a Zeppelin near London.

Miss Maude Royden, the famous woman preacher, seems to have astonished a good many people by her frankness in telling her congregation the other day that she was within three weeks of her fiftieth birthday. The congregation, being impersonal, could not respond as gallantly as the American reporters did some years ago when she admitted her age as candidly to them. They told her that she "did not look it." The woman, who nowadays minds saying how old she is is the one who feels that her best years are over, or that she has not made the most of them. Miss Royden may be quite free from any illusions of that kind. A tale of years that implies experience and growth of wisdom and sympathy is an asset to the woman who is regarded as a religious leader, and few women have made better use of a half-century than Miss Royden has done.

Less strong physically than the average woman, she has never let that fact damp her enthusiasm or check her activity. When she had passed through Cheltenham and Oxford, she engaged in social work



TO CELEBRATE HER FIFTIETH  
BIRTHDAY SHORTLY: MISS  
MAUDE ROYDEN.

*Photograph by Hoppe.*

in the poorer districts of Liverpool, and after that for a time she was Oxford Extension lecturer in English literature. From one point of view, it may be regretted that she gave that up to become editor of the *Common Cause*, for she was a delightful lecturer, always handling her subject in a fresh and interesting manner, and with a touch of humour. One of her great gifts is this power of illuminating her subject, however trite and well worn. Her sense of humour is another invaluable quality, for it gives the audience interested in her earnestness an assurance that she has a sense of proportion and can see more than one side of a question. One would class her as a preacher with the Rev. R. W. Sheppard, of St. Martin's in the Fields. They have the same sane outlook, simplicity of speech, sympathy, and intense realism.

According to precedent, Colonel F. S. Jackson, the newly appointed Governor of Bengal, will be made a Peer before he leaves for India, where he is to succeed Lord Lytton. A good many people will regret the change, and will continue to think of the famous cricketer as Stanley Jackson. He is a younger son of the first Lord Allerton. Mrs. Jackson belongs to a well-known Yorkshire family. Her father, the late Colonel Harrison-Broadley, was a Member of Parliament, so in her girlhood she gained electoral experience that has enabled her to take a useful interest in her husband's division. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Jackson have made their home in London. When she goes to India, Mrs. Jackson will be very much missed by her many friends.



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR  
OF BENGAL:

MRS. F. S. JACKSON.

*Photograph by Topical.*

## VISIT ROME, NAPLES, AND SICILY

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# LIGHT *or* DARK ?



*The question has been settled what gentlemen prefer—  
If the bottle's labelled "Barclay's," they one and all concur;  
Some will say "light" and others "dark," but gentlemen don't err  
When answering the question—"Which brand of lager, Sir?"*

# BARCLAY'S LAGER

*Light or Dark . . . The drink for every kind of Thirst*



## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## THE BRISTOL OPERA SEASON.

THE Theatre Royal, Bristol, is perhaps the most beautiful theatre in England, and, indeed, in the whole of the British Empire. It lies in the old part of the town, near Queen Square, and was opened by David Garrick in 1766. As a theatre for opera it has only one disadvantage, and that is the fact that the stall seats do not slope upwards from the stage, as we are accustomed to in modern theatres.

The Bristol Opera Season is becoming an annual event, thanks to the generosity of Mr. P. Napier Miles and other citizens. In fact, Bristol is fortunate in this respect. The wonderfully imposing brand-new Gothic tower which rises from an eminence at one end of the city strikes every visitor with astonishment, and on walking up to it—for it inevitably excites one's curiosity—one discovers that it is the tower of the new Bristol University which has been built through the munificence of the Wills family. Similarly the Bristol Opera Season owes its existence chiefly to Mr. P. Napier Miles, and it is to be hoped that it will receive the support necessary to make it a certain annual event, now that it has already survived several seasons.

This year the season began on Oct. 18, and lasted until Nov. 6. During these three weeks no fewer than nine operas have been performed under the direction of Mr. Johnstone-Douglas and Mr. Adrian Boult. Mr. Johnstone-Douglas is himself a singer and actor of considerable ability; and Mr. Boult, as conductor of the Birmingham Municipal Orchestra, has the means of securing additional orchestral players, and has succeeded in obtaining an excellent orchestra of some forty musicians. In addition, the directors have collected an extremely talented company, which includes Mr. Steuart Wilson, Mr. Arthur Cranmer, Mr. Sumner Austin, Miss Louise Trenton, and many other capable artists. The chorus consisted of a local Bristol chorus, a Shirehampton chorus, and a detachment from students of the Royal College of Music and the Webber-Douglas School of Singing. The chorus deserves a special word of praise, for it had been admirably drilled and sang with considerable point and vigour; in fact, I have heard less efficient choruses at Covent Garden in the Grand Season itself.

In spite of the enormous amount of work involved in producing nine operas in the space of three weeks, the standard of performance was wonder-

fully high. This is all the more surprising when one considers that at Bristol the operas performed were not hackneyed items. There was no "Cavalleria Rusticana" or "Pagliacci," or "Bohemian Girl," or anything of that sort. An even more remarkable and noteworthy fact was that, with two exceptions, all nine operas were the work of English composers. These two exceptions were the Spanish composer, Manuel de Falla's "Puppet Show," and Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," translated as "The School for Lovers."

All the operas were sung in English, and I am told on good authority that the production of "Cosi fan tutte" was one of the best that has ever been given in this country. Unfortunately, as I was unable to stay more than a few days in Bristol, I did not hear the whole repertoire, but I heard enough to judge of the really high quality of these performances.

In some ways the most important event of the present season was the performance of the late Sir Charles Stanford's opera, "The Travelling Companion," which had not before had a full public performance. In some ways "The Travelling Companion" was less suited to the Bristol company and the beautiful and intimate Theatre Royal than the other items in the repertoire. Stanford had conceived this opera in the modern grand-opera style, and had scored the music heavily in the full Wagnerian manner. Consequently the singers were inclined to force their voices in order, as they thought, to penetrate Stanford's orchestration. Actually, owing partly to the relatively small size of the orchestra, and partly to the smallness of the theatre, there was not quite so much need for this strenuousness as they imagined. Mr. Steuart Wilson, who took the part of John—who guesses the thought of the Princess and marries her, in the Hans Andersen story which is the basis of the libretto—was the worst offender. His voice is gaining in power, but at the cost of some beauty of tone, and at times it was very hard in quality. I have nothing but praise for Mr. Arthur Cranmer, whose performance as the "travelling companion" himself was remarkably good in voice, diction, and in action.

The opera itself is full of Stanford's usual vigour and accomplishment. He had a real sense of the stage, as befitted an Irishman, but, unfortunately, he had very little real musical genius; he was merely a talented musician with a gift of mimicry. "The Travelling Companion" is an excellent application of Wagnerian methods. It is full of musical clichés, and there is not anywhere an unexpected cadence: so to people unfamiliar with its models it might

sound a good deal more impressive than it really is. The best moments are in the choruses.

Another opera which has not been done, as far as I know, outside Bristol, is Mr. P. Napier Miles's "Markheim." This is an extremely clever setting of the well-known story of R. L. Stevenson. I think Mr. Miles has given us a musical version which might almost supersede the purely literary one: it is so completely effective, and the music lends a verisimilitude to the rather melodramatic and supernatural character of the story. In idiom the music oscillates very queerly between a sort of Wagnerian recitative and a style of orchestration which reminds one of modern French composers—particularly of Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," but the work is undeniably effective.

Another English opera which I believe I am right in saying was given its first performance in Bristol was Dame Ethel Smyth's "Entente Cordiale." The composer is her own librettist in this piece, and she shows considerable skill in manipulating her scenes of a somewhat crude and artificial Cockney humour. No English soldiers during the Great War ever talked as Dame Ethel Smyth makes them talk. It is a pure convention of certain comic papers, and a few London humorists. Moreover, that form of characterisation which depicts the British soldier merely by calling him 'Erb 'Iggins, and making him drop his aitches with monotonous regularity, is hardly worthy of a serious artist. Unfortunately, the defects of the libretto are multiplied and made more conspicuous by the music.

Altogether the Bristol Opera Season was an extraordinarily creditable performance to all concerned. The singing, acting, playing, and setting of the operas were all of a high degree of merit. There was nothing amateurish or slipshod about any of the performances I heard, and I am certain that if the patrons of the Bristol Opera Season can continue to give it their steady support for a few years more, and continue to enlist the services of good artists, and the advice and help of such excellent judges as Mr. Edward J. Dent—now Professor of Music at Cambridge—Mr. Adrian Boult, Mr. J. B. Trend, and Mr. Johnstone-Douglas, there is every reason to hope that every year will find the scheme receiving more general support, until, in time, there may be established in the West and South of England an annual Opera Festival similar to the Three Choirs Festival which has done so much to add to the gaiety of the three counties of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford.

W. J. TURNER.

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## THE WINTER SPORT RESORTS.

AS the years pass, and the winter-sport holiday becomes more and more a habit with many thousands of English people, the choice of resorts is enlarged. Ski-ing and tobogganing and skating are no longer a monopoly of St. Moritz, Davos, and Grindelwald—nor, indeed, of Switzerland. Sweden, for example, is putting up a strong bid for our attention. There is skate-sailing, and ice-yachting, in Sweden. This is an attraction which the Alpine lakes cannot offer, save in the most exceptional circumstances, as their frozen surface is buried under snow. Anyone who wants to understand the unique thrill of ice-yachting should make for Stockholm; and from Stockholm several celebrated ski-ing districts may be visited. Norway and Austria are also gaining popularity amongst winter-sports folk; but, of course, Switzerland still is far ahead, and not until the would-be visitor begins to study the map—or the alluring pamphlets of tourist agencies—does he grasp how many possible alternative resorts even little Switzerland offers.

St. Moritz naturally remains the metropolis of winter sport. Davos—which is also on the Rhaetian Railway—runs it close, and has, to be sure, an even bigger population of winter visitors. Both places are extremely cosmopolitan, though in both the English influence permeates the sports. The difference between St. Moritz and Davos is that the former is purely a pleasure-centre, while the latter is also a health resort, and has a considerable colony of residents: the result is that the Davos season lasts rather longer than the season at St. Moritz, but is perhaps a trifle less hectic. But both these places can be very gay, and January and February are their gay months.

Close to St. Moritz, in the same valley, which is called the Engadine, are two strongholds of English sport—Pontresina and Maloja. These are branch centres of that now very established institution, the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club. The Club has also opened Bergün, on the other side of the pass from St. Moritz, where there is a famous and very exciting bobsleigh run. The run is three-and-a-half miles long, and can be done in seven minutes, in spite of hairpin corners. Probably no one goes to Switzerland for bobbing and nothing else, but of both bobbing and tobogganing it may be mentioned that they can be enjoyed in weather which, owing

to the state of the snow, is by no means good for ski-ing. Weather of this sort occurred several times last winter. There is no reason to suppose pessimistically that it will occur again; but, at any rate, it taught us that ski-ing is not the only winter sport—for the others went on, uninterrupted, at every resort of sufficient altitude to receive any frost at all.

The Oberland resorts—Grindelwald, Adelboden, Wengen, and Mürren being the chief—are a little different from the Engadine ones, for geological reasons. The mountains "jump up and down much more suddenly," to use a child's description; in other words, there are more precipices and ravines, and the ski-ing has a character of its own accordingly. No one would mistake the positively melodramatic view from Mürren for a view anywhere around Davos or St. Moritz. Mürren, by the way, has developed into what might be nicknamed the headquarters of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club, and amongst other distinguished novices who are to study ski-ing under the instructors there this winter is Prince Chichibu, of Japan.

The Rhone Valley resorts—on the southern face of the Helvetian Alps—are less hard in climate, as a rule, because most of them experience a longer day of sunshine owing to their open outlook. Villars, growing rapidly into a place of importance, is the chief of this group, and boasts a skating rink with the finest view in Switzerland. A resort situated quite by itself, and not coming under any of the above geographical groupings, is Engelberg, near Lucerne. It is, as the crow flies, the nearest winter-sport resort to England, has fine views, and is noted for its bobbing and curling. But mere physical distance from England is a matter of relatively small consequence when the through trains are operating—the Engadine-and-Oberland Express for the north of Switzerland and the Simplon Express for the south.

WARD MUIR.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ARROWSMITH.

*Without the Law: A Year in the Life of Lieut.-Col. Richard Challoner.* By H. Fletcher Moulton. (7s. 6d. net.)

HUTCHINSON.

*My Unsentimental Journey.* By Gilbert Frankau. (7s. 6d. net.)

*Her Italian Husband.* By Olga King-Hall. (7s. 6d. net.)

HARRAP.

*Reptiles and Amphibians.* By Thomas Barbour. (10s. 6d. net.)

## RADIO NOTES.

ON Monday next, Nov. 15, the British Broadcasting Company is four years old. The anniversary has been celebrated in advance throughout this current week by special programmes from the twenty stations which serve all areas of Great Britain. Over thirty-four millions of our population live within crystal-set range of one or more broadcasting stations. To-day, with a crystal set which may have cost less than a pound, almost anyone in the British Isles may listen to broadcast items simply by placing telephones to the ears.

By the flick of a switch, the owner of a valve receiving-set may fill a room with music, song, and speech issuing from a loud-speaker, thus enabling all those who are present to listen without wearing headphones. Apart from the entertainment items broadcast each day, the latest news, to-morrow's weather forecast, Greenwich time signals, currency and market prices, and innumerable other special subjects may be heard by anyone possessing a crystal set or a valve set. There is now no need to be technically inclined in order to work a radio receiver. With a crystal set fitted with a good permanent detector, and the installation carried out by a competent wireless firm, the only effort required for listening-in consists of placing the telephones to the ears. A multi-valve receiving-set, fitted with dull-emitter valves, will work for a month before it becomes necessary to recharge the accumulator. The set will function during broadcasting hours, by simply pressing the switch—nothing else. In many cities and towns, there are firms who supply an accumulator service at a moderate rental—a freshly-charged accumulator being delivered at regular intervals in place of the one in use. If electric light is already installed in the house, simple appliances are available for recharging by connecting a plug to a lamp or wall socket. Or, again, there are receiving-sets which work directly from the house current.

The modern wireless set is not an unsightly-looking apparatus. In fact, it is possible to have wireless in a drawing-room, with one's friends wondering whence the music issues. Moreover, every room in a house may be wired from the one receiving-set, enabling reception to be had wherever desired.

As has been stated in these notes before, it is not always necessary to have an outdoor aerial wire for the reception of broadcasts. Even a crystal-set will receive, at good strength, from a station several miles distant, when the aerial consists of but a length of ordinary electric bell-wire tacked along the picture rail and running out of the nearest door up the staircase, and terminating in the highest room of the house.

With a modern super-heterodyne set, such as the Burndept "Ethodyne" described last week, neither aerial nor earth connections are required, as the waves of the various British and European stations are picked up by a small frame aerial fitted to the set. [Continued on page 960.]

## SWEDEN

The Northern Fairyland

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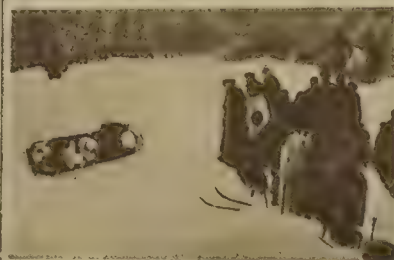
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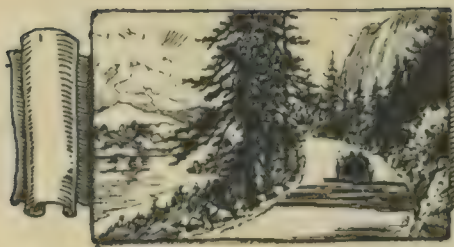
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# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

## A NEW HUMBER.

THE Humber Motor Company have produced an entirely new model in their new 14-40-h.p., which I put to a searching test a few days ago. The fact that it is a new model alone lends it a good deal of interest, as this company has for many years been content to continue the production of well-tested models, improving them as occasion afforded.

The new car, which has taken the place of the 12-25-h.p., has a four-cylinder engine, with a bore and stroke of 75 by 116, and from a general point of view may be regarded as a slightly enlarged and improved 12-25. According to the usual Humber practice, the inlet valves are of the overhead type, and the exhaust of the lateral type. There is a novelty in the way in which the engine is mounted on the sub-frame. It has trunnion blocks at the rear supports with friction-damping, and double-spring suspension at the front.

Apart from its performance, the main attraction of this new engine is its noticeable cleanliness of design, and the accessibility of those parts which require regular attention. I was particularly pleased with the design of the various control rods to the carburetter and magneto, which are of the spring-loaded ball-joint type, requiring no split-pins and no tools to take them apart. It is a good many years since I have seen this symptom of decent engineering taste on any but fairly expensive cars—and not always on those. A four-speed gear-box, with right-hand control, is fitted, geared, on the whole, very sensibly for what the car purports to be, which is a comfortable touring car with a usual maximum speed of about fifty

as it were, without manipulating the clutch, than in a more orthodox manner. The gears are well ground and make very little noise. I should have said before that the gear-box is now a separate unit.



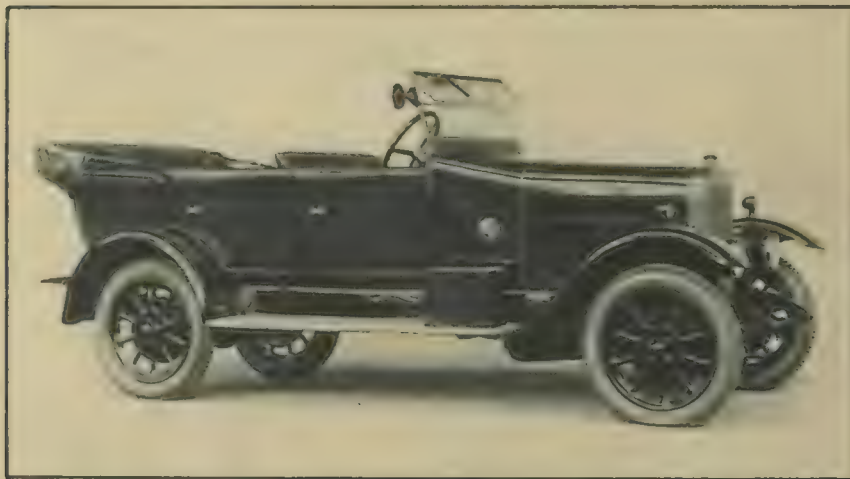
ON THE ROAD IN GLORIOUS DEVON: A 15.9-H.P. HOTCHKISS WEYMANN SALOON NEAR EXMOUTH.

but its acceleration is much more marked after twenty, and the same thing applies to third speed. Once past that figure, however, the car proved itself decidedly lively and willing, and speeds from forty to fifty miles an hour were not only easily attained, but comfortably maintained.

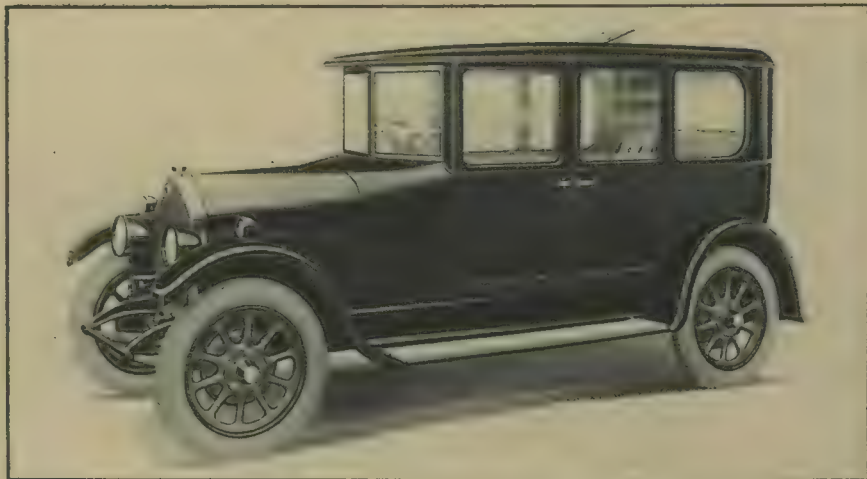
The steering is steady, if not very light. Most people, no doubt, will be perfectly satisfied with it on the latter point, but, should they agree with me in preferring it to be a little lighter, could probably correct it by specifying higher-pressure tyres. The standard tyres fitted are the new kind known as medium pressure—a cross between balloons and high-pressure. The springing, I think, needs a little revision. It is not sufficiently flexible on the rear axle, in my opinion; and on the front axle I rather think that it is too flexible, for in negotiating a moderate-sized pot-hole, at about eighteen miles an hour, the inside front spring was fully compressed, so that it touched the axle. The road-holding, on the other hand, is excellent, and I could detect no symptoms of rolling.

For the brakes I have nothing but praise, the four-wheel set especially being quite first-class. Only the lightest pressure is needed to give you the fullest control over the car. The hand-applied brake works on a drum behind the gear-box.

The bodywork is of the usual high standard of Humber quality, but is specially interesting this year for having side-screens made exactly on the principle of glass windows in a saloon. Owing to



THE ROYAL FOUR-SEATER CLYNO: A CAR OF HANDSOME APPEARANCE AND WELL-KNOWN QUALITY.



BY THE SAME MAKERS AS THE CAR DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE: THE 1927 HUMBER 14-40-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER FIVE-SEATER SALOON, PRICED AT £575.

miles an hour. Actually I was able, without much effort, to reach fifty-three, and I daresay that a well-run engine, with a well-calculated load on the springs, would push the speed-indicator up to sixty. The hood and side-screens were up, and the weather was of the worst possible description.

Taking it as a whole, the new Humber is an attractive car to drive, not only for its agreeable behaviour both in traffic and on hilly roads, but because it gives you a remarkable feeling of confidence. It is in every respect what the French call a *solide* car—a word which it is remarkably difficult to translate correctly into English, but which is fraught with a world of meaning the other side of the Channel. When a Frenchman describes any car to you, of no matter what age or type, as a *solide* one, you may be sure he is paying it one of the highest compliments he can think of. I wish there were an English word exactly corresponding to it.

Gear-changing is particularly pleasant with this new Humber, provided that you remember that allowing a distinct pause between each change is more effective than double declutching and touching up the revolutions. In fact, I soon discovered that better and quicker changes could be made "straight,"



THE PREMIER OF AUSTRALIA AT THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA: MR. S. M. BRUCE (CENTRE, WITH UMBRELLA) DISCUSSING THE MERITS OF THE 16-H.P. SUNBEAM WITH THE EXPORT MANAGER OF THE SUNBEAM COMPANY.

This car shows itself at its best at an engine speed represented by over twenty miles an hour on top. I do not mean that it has no flexibility at lower speeds,

the day being very windy and extremely cold, I found it difficult to decide whether the draught I noticed from the front of the car was due to the design of the windows or to the extra pressure of the wind on the more flexible portions of the weather equipment. In any case, I have no hesitation in saying that, for convenience and neatness, these Humber side windows are as good as anything I have ever seen.

The dashboard equipment and the dashboard itself are as well finished as it is possible for them to be, the instruments being neatly grouped in the centre of the "V"-shaped instrument board, with the usual delightful Humber lockers on either side. There is plenty of room in both the back and front seats, and the upholstery, which is trimmed in proper leather of the best kind, is generously proportioned.

The car costs £460 complete, and at that price is fitted with an automatic screen-wiper, "V"-shaped front screen, three-panel adjustable wind-screen for the back compartment, and luggage-grid designed to carry 70 lb. weight. There is, however, no driving mirror, which there should be. A thoroughly nice car.



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**"RADIO NOTES."**—Continued from Page 956.]

Other multi-valve sets, arranged as self-contained portable receivers, and taking up very little space, are available for receiving at loud-speaker strength either the local station or more distant stations, according to the price of the set.

Some weeks ago, we gave particulars of the new "Celestion Radiophone" loud-speaker, which reproduces broadcasts with such marvellous purity, strength, and truth to the original sounds. The makers have now produced complete receiving-sets of special design embodying the "Radiophone" unit. The sets may be had with four or five valves in cabinet or portable form, entirely self-contained, including aerial, batteries, and loud-speaker. The "Radiofour" model is an elegant upright cabinet, two-thirds of the height of which is devoted to the loud-speaker, and the lower part, with small folding doors, contains the receiving components, including the batteries. On a panel behind the folding doors are the two tuning dials, a knob for controlling sound-volume, and the "on" or "off" switch.

In its portable form, the Celestion "Radiofour" is self-contained in an attaché-case, the lid of which includes the loud-speaker and aerial. Everything else, including batteries, is contained in the deeper portion of the case. After the set has been tuned-in, broadcasts will commence immediately the lid is raised to its upright position, or will cease when the lid is closed, this novel feature being dealt with by an automatic switch.

The really excellent quality of reproduction obtainable from these combined receivers and loud-speakers, or from the latter alone, may be heard at the show-room of the Celestion Radiophone Company, 21, Villiers Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C.2., or full particulars may be obtained from that address by post.

Long before broadcasting commenced, Brandes, Ltd., were a pioneer organisation in the development of radio. Their name is famous to-day as the makers of efficient broadcast-receivers, loud-speakers, telephones, and other components, at prices within the reach of all. Crystal-set users and "short-wave" enthusiasts who seek distance with telephones find that a pair of Brandes "Matched Tone" head-phones (20s.) give excellent results. Other products of the same company are their two-valve and three-valve receivers, which have been specially designed for those who wish for sets that are simple to operate. The two-valve receiver will give good loud-speaker results from the local broadcasting station and from Daventry. With a really efficient aerial and earth, other stations may be received at loud-speaker strength. For the person who desires a set that, in addition to being simple to operate, will also give good loud-speaker results from several stations with great purity and volume, the Brandes three-valve set is recommended, in conjunction with their "Ellipticon" (cone) loud-speaker, which is concealed in a handsome

polished case. The large vibrating area of the cone, together with its special mechanism, bring pleasing reproduction of natural tone with plenty of volume. Further particulars may be obtained from Brandes, Ltd., 296, Regent Street, London, W.1., who guarantee that, in the event of any of their products not meeting with the full approval of a customer, if the goods are returned within ten days after purchase the full cost will be refunded immediately without question.

**A BOOK FOR THE COUNTRYSIDE.**

(See Colour Illustrations on Page 938).

MR. ARCHIBALD THORBURN, in completing the fourth and last volume of his "British Birds," illustrated by himself (Longmans; 16s. net. Four vols. together, 63s. net), may well have laid down his brush with a sigh of satisfaction, feeling that, like Friar Pacificus, so delightfully pictured by Longfellow, his work was—

Finished down to the leaf and snail,  
Down to the eye on the peacock's tail.

As if my talent had not lain  
Wrapped in a blanket and all in vain.

For his last volume amply sustains the very high standard of its predecessors. As a picture-book of British birds it is a work of rare beauty, as will be attested by the few gems submitted on page 938 as a sample from this volume. Mr. Thorburn, it would seem, set out to bring home to us the surpassing beauty and interest of our native birds, appealing to the eye rather than to the printed page. The bird-lover who is not, in the strict sense of the word, an ornithologist will regard these volumes with tender affection, and many will be fired with a desire to make a more intimate acquaintance with the birds of our countryside, so that they may not only call them all by name, but may come at last to take up the study of their life-history, of which so much yet remains to be discovered.

Here and there Mr. Thorburn has evidently set baits to effect this end. In the case of the puffin, for example, he draws attention to the peculiarly hook-like form of the claw of the inner toe—a point hitherto not referred to by the more severely technical books. It is suggested here that it may serve to remove that portion of the beak-sheath which is cast off at the end of the breeding season, thereby reducing the size of this formidable instrument of prehension. And it may also, he suggests, be used to assist this quaint-looking fisherman in his wondrous feat of catching and holding

as many as six small fishes at a time, when foraging for his helpless and downy youngster.

Here, at any rate, he has set the ball rolling, and he is further, probably, quite prepared to admit that he is merely shooting a bow at a venture, for neither of these suggestions seems to be quite satisfactory. In the first place, there is no reason to suppose that, as touching the beak-sheath, when the time for this moulting comes, there is any more need for removing it forcibly than for removing the feathers, which are also annually shed, and without assistance. It is, too, no less difficult to grasp the part which such a claw could play in effecting the disposal of captured fish. This last is certainly a most astonishing feat, though perhaps not more so than that of collecting and holding the mass of flies which one sees in the beak of, say, a wagtail when foraging for its nestlings. For these flies have to be taken one by one.

Another point caught my eye in turning over the pages of this book. The black-tailed godwit—now, alas! as he remarks, no longer a breeding species with us—is shown with a most perfect summer plumage. Now it seems to be doubtful whether such specimens have any existence in fact. I have searched in vain for one. For some inscrutable reason this bird never seems able completely to eliminate the winter dress, so that the resplendent "courting" dress always wears a patchy appearance, met with in no other species of its tribe. It must be admitted, however, that strict adherence to fact in this particular case would have spoiled the appearance of the picture.

Those of ripe experience who turn over these pages will see at a glance that Mr. Thorburn combines the cunning of the artist with the first-hand knowledge of the ornithologist, for no "mere" artist could have contrived to make these plates "live" as he has done. One cannot look at his pictures of the puffin and guillemot, for example, without recalling the smell of the sea and the weird echoes of calling birds as they rush up and down the face of some precipitous cliff, fretted with deep chasms and dark, mysterious caves. They recall visions of vast stretches of sunlit sands and deep, still rock-pools. One sees again, and is thrilled by the experience, miles of mud-flats, and little flocks of dunlin and other "waders," large and small, running hither and thither as they feed. And here, again, we have proof that Mr. Thorburn's foundations are "well and truly laid." They are fortunate who already possess these volumes, and that number will inevitably and steadily increase.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



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## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE

By J. T. GREIN.

HIS name is Carl Hentschel, and his associations with *The Illustrated London News* are even older than his devotion to the theatre and to the comforts of the playgoers who frequent pit and gallery. For as a boy he assisted his father in wood-engraving (i.e., before the days of photographic process-engraving) for Mr. Mason Jackson, the well-known wood-engraver who was Art Editor of *The Illustrated London News*. In 1879-1880 "C.H." was making the first process-blocks, and in later years, when the first daily illustrated paper, the *Daily Graphic*, started, he did all the blocks. Furthermore, the first blocks that appeared in the principal dailies were done by "C.H.," and the first process-block which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* was made by him. One of the most important was a reproduction in facsimile of a pencil drawing by Melton Prior, sent whilst he was correspondent in the Zulu War.

But this is another story, and I would speak of the pioneer and organiser who this year recalls with pride the silver jubilee of his creation, the O.P. Club, now housed in cosiness and luxury at the Hotel Cecil. I often hear people ask, "What does O.P. mean?" Carl Hentschel will tell you that he coined the name for two reasons—first that it would catch the eye and excite curiosity; next that it refers to the Old Playgoers who, in 1900, five hundred in number, seceded from the one-time famous, now defunct, Playgoers' Club. The schism caused a great deal of talk and discussion at the time, all the more since Carl, the leader of the secessionists, was also the father of the Playgoers' Club. The cause was, if I remember well, merely a question of premises. The five hundred wanted more commodious premises; the others were content to stay where they were.

Carl Hentschel took this step with great regret, for the P.C. had a history and made its mark. It was, as it were, the buffer state between managers and the gods aloft and below. It defended with

ardour the so-called rights of the pit and gallery; by agitation and pleading, by fight and compromise it led to improved seating conditions, to abolition of early doors, to cheapening of programmes and refreshments. It was a force to be reckoned with, these men and women who, in their love of the theatre, queued in all weathers, and at one time could make or mar a play. They would not have ready-made ovations, as nowadays; they had a mind of their own; they stood for justice and fair-play. When they were pleased their enthusiasm was boundless; when they failed to appreciate, they manifested their verdict either by filing out in silence or in the vociferation of disapproval. But their work within the theatre was only part of their self-imposed mission. Their main object was to stimulate by discussions the love of the theatre, and to foster every new movement by inviting competent speakers to address them.

In 1884, when, with the late Heneage Mandell, Carl Hentschel founded the Playgoers' with but seventeen others, they started operations in a small room in Holywell Street. It was a modest enough beginning for a club which was destined to develop into one of such importance. Anon, they moved to the Kemble Head, a well-known tavern in Long Acre, and ere long, as the membership grew, so did prestige. Famous men and women answered the call of the first president, Jerome K. Jerome; even in its palmiest days, the old "pub" had not seen such celebrities within its walls. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Sir Arthur Pinero, Nelly Farren, Beerbohm Tree lectured to the glowing phalanx. But the real impetus—the most portentous episode in the club's career—was the series of addresses on Ibsen by Dr. Aveling. Siding with Archer, Shaw, Walkley, and the other pioneers of the Ibsen drama, Dr. Aveling, by his eloquence, as it were, formed in the

(Continued overleaf.)



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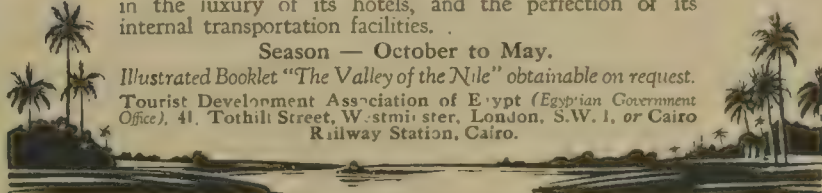
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*Continued.]*

Ibsenites a new contingent of playgoers. All this is ancient history now, but at the time it was the talk of London, and the membership increased by leaps and bounds. The Playgoers' Club then stood for the *intelligentsia* of the playgoing public.

In a sense, the O.P. Club followed the old tradition, but there was this difference. The old Club was, if I may put it so, revolutionary; the new O.P. Club was pacificatory. Meanwhile, the progress of the British Theatre had been great. The time had come for *entente cordiale* between all the workers for the theatre. And so Carl Hentschel devised a scheme to knit the bonds more closely by conviviality. Whenever actors made their mark; whenever a play of moment illuminated the boards; whenever a man or a woman achieved a record worthy of tribute and remembrance, Carl Hentschel proposed a banquet—that peculiarly English way of conferring honour. A master organiser, Hentschel in the quarter of a century since the O.P. Club began has engineered no fewer than one hundred banquets.

Some say that the Club has overdone the banquets to the detriment of discussion. But Carl Hentschel found the debating-matter in the after-dinner speeches, and latterly his policy, in harmony with the Committee, is to alternate the prandial with the purely intellectual. This winter speakers of renown will deal with burning questions of the day, and in two recent meetings it has already been proved that, far from being mere feasters, the old militant spirit still lives in the Old Playgoers. I could say much more of Carl Hentschel, of his fine recruiting work in war-time, when he "carried on" despite a bomb almost destroying his office, of his splendid activities in relief of the devastated areas of France and Belgium, when he organised festivals in the Horticultural Gardens and by offering stupendous programmes collected vast sums for the sufferers. But my main object is to record the services of this remarkable man to the World of the Theatre, by his unceasing efforts to create fraternity between both sides of the footlights.

Under the patronage of Dame Madge Kendal, Miss Sybil Thorndike, Miss Sybil Arundale, and Miss Fortescue have started an interesting new Club at 32, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5., which is likely to render some service to the cause of the drama. It is called the Thursday Club, and is to be a play-reading society where international works will be studied. Of course, preference will be given to British dramatists, and the feature which will commend itself to most lovers of the theatre is that professional actors and actresses will read the parts.

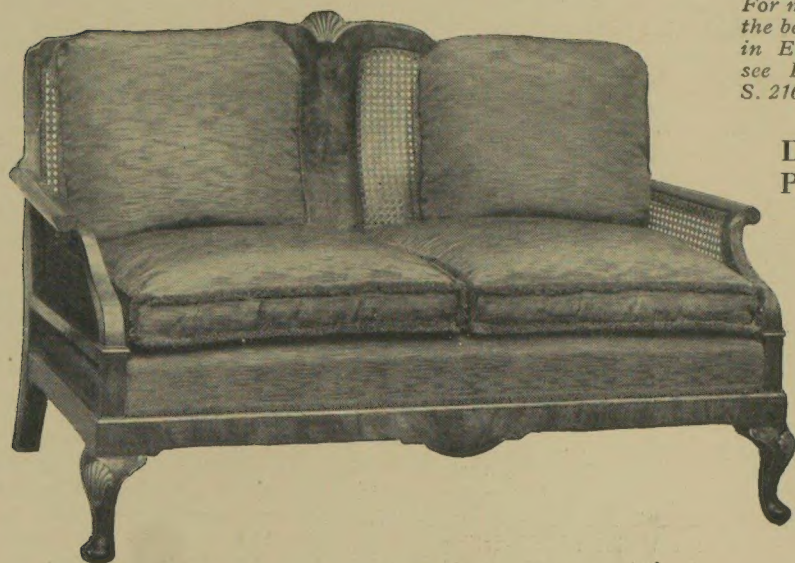
I have ere this been present at meetings of the Playgoers' Clubs of Sheffield and Leeds, and witnessed such readings. I frankly admit that the idea only partially appealed to me, for to behold a round table with people reading from manuscript is making a great demand on the imagination of the hearer in the creation of the atmosphere. But so efficient were these readings, in some cases so effective was the diction, that after a little while the peculiarity of the surroundings faded away; one even forgot that there was neither stage nor footlights, and the play, as it were, stood out in living entity.

That was some years ago, and since then play-reading societies have spread over all the country, through towns and hamlets, and, as a *faute de mieux*, they are doing excellent work, because there are many plays in which managers see no commercial possibilities, but which, when adequately read aloud, may materialise quite differently from the solitary perusal.

The mere fact that Miss Thorndike, Miss Arundale, and Miss Fortescue will lend their talents should ensure the vitality of the club, which for ten shillings gives six readings, including tea. As Dame Madge Kendal is the patroness, may we hope that for the nonce she will emerge from her retirement and by her glorious voice illuminate the reading of a native masterpiece?



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## THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

## "SOB-STUFF" ON THE SCREEN.

IT is not surprising that countless bright and inventive brains should have concentrated their energies on widening the purely technical scope of screen-plays, since in no other art does the mechanism, if I may thus express it, play so prominent a part. And it must be admitted that, from a technical point of view, the Art of the Kinema has responded to the efforts of all these ingenious people in an astonishing manner. The camera-work itself, the lighting effects, the overpowering illusions of architecture and of natural phenomena, storm, flood, and fire, have reached a height where improvement seems scarcely possible. Indeed, the film-director seems to delight in setting himself ever more difficult tasks. He can fill the screen with seething humanity or the vast herds of the rolling prairies. He can overwhelm us with the pomp of Emperors or make us shrink before the gathering strength of revolutionary crowds. He can pile Pelion on Ossa in every shape and in all directions. He is so busy doing it, too, that when he gets as far as the acting some of the crudest methods still seem to satisfy his needs! And in this respect the accepted formula for expressing emotion in the average film is the first fetish that wants its head knocked off!

Where so many inventions have been scrapped to make room for better ones, why does the glycerine tear still persist? Who was originally responsible for it, and why was it ever permitted? Perhaps in the first fine frenzy of "picturisation" this outward assumption of grief was the natural outcome of a desire to present every emotion in pictorial terms. In the early days of the moving pictures it may have been as sensational to see a flood of tears rolling realistically down all kinds of cheeks as it was to watch a torrent in spate; though personally I cannot recall any sensation other than irritation at the sight of glycerine tears at any time. But now that we have grown used to the miracles of cinematography, and are becoming critical of anything that betrays the artificial in the staging of pictures, we are beginning to look for truth in acting as well. "Faked" effects are no longer permissible; that is, if the "fake" is not subtle enough to deceive the eye. Yet we are constantly being treated to obviously faked emotions.

After a fair margin of time allowed to young Art to run amok, one might reasonably have hoped that a greater restraint would have been advocated by producers and exercised by actors. Yet a large number of artists still cling to the old methods of twitching lip and fluttering eyelid accompanied by the gushing tear, and quite a number of producers still favour this method by vouchsafing to us a generous amount of "close-ups" of grief-stricken stars. As a matter of fact, this outward manifestation of emotion does not by any means produce the greatest response from the onlooker. We all know that a lachrymose actor or actress on the stage can spoil the suggestion of sincere emotion by indulging in too many tears. The most moving actor is he who knows how to control his temperamental powers. Nor has true tragedy ever worn a blatant mask of woe such as is often permitted on the screen.

The film-producer will probably retort that the stage-actor has words to aid his expression of emotion. To this I would reply that not only have the greatest emotions, be they of joy or grief, no need of words, but that the finest artists on the screen have whittled their methods of expression down to the utmost simplicity. If the *thought* is not there, no amount of grimacing or glycerining is going to fill the vacuum. Watch that fine artist, Pauline Frederick, for instance, or Richard Barthelmess, one of the best "straight" actors the screen possesses (what a joy it would be to see these two together!), and you will observe the thought creeping into their eyes, lighting their faces, their whole personalities, from within. No need here for streaming tears or facial gymnastics.

There is no doubt that restraint in film-acting finds an obstacle in the extraordinary weakness of American audiences for what is colloquially and most aptly called "sob-stuff." Heaven knows we are a sentimental people at heart, but the childlike indulgence in absolutely cloying sentimentality such as pervades certain American plays and books, and very many of their films, is restricted—at least, I hope and believe it is—to a minority in England. There are, of course, a few sentimental simpletons who whisper to each other, as they leave the theatre: "And did you see, dear, she had *real* tears in her eyes?" and are therefore fully persuaded that they have witnessed deep and abiding grief. These few will probably wallow in sentimentality within the kinema or anywhere else. But we shall not help a young art on its upward path if we cater for the minority.

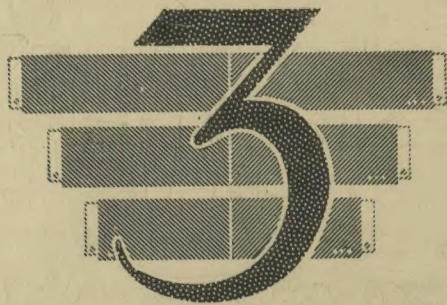
There is need for drastic reform not only in the unreal expression of emotion, but also in the amount of footage devoted to "sob-stuff" and the undue prolongation of emotional episodes. Such prolongation, I contend, does not deepen the pathos of any tragic situation. In "La Bohème," that charming "young ladies' version" of Murger's "Vie de Bohème," recently shown at the New Gallery, the producer interrupted an otherwise artistically handled death-scene by a whole series of "close-ups" of Miss Lilian Gish's wan face against a striped pillow. No sooner had the eye been filled with the picture of merry artists and gay *grisettes* suddenly stricken into silence by the presence of an unfamiliar guest, no sooner had the heart been stirred by this cruel confrontation of youth and death, when the screen was a face, divorced from its body, lifted from its surroundings—meaningless! And so often did this recur that eventually I found myself wondering whether Miss Gish's hair did not differ, in the group, from Miss Gish's hair in the "close-up." That was the end to my response to the pathos of Mimi's death.

Whilst British films, on the whole, show somewhat more sobriety than American ones, they cannot entirely escape the accusation of over-emphasising the "sob-stuff." It is to be hoped that a very natural desire to conquer American markets will not lead our producers into forsaking our national characteristic of restraint. It was disconcerting to find that the concluding episodes of "The Triumph of the Rat" (the sequel to "The Rat," so vividly and firmly put on the screen by Mr. Graham Cutts), contain as much bathos as any Hollywood heart-winger. When Mr. Ivor Novello, emaciated, battered, and in rags, makes his final, far too-lengthy, exit, we are shown in "close-ups," face after face, the denizens of the underworld who nightly throng the cabaret of the White Coffin. They are lined up—at a respectful distance, to watch their former comrade go. As individually they do their level best to respond to Mr. Cutts's requirements, to "register sorrow," and, possibly—they are but human—to go one better than their neighbour, the thing becomes for all the world like a competition! A fine actor can lift even artificial melodrama into something vibrant with humanity by making his audience feel that *he* feels, actually and sincerely, the emotions ascribed to him. I have seen Mr. Barthelmess do it in some of the humbler vehicles that have come his way. But it has never been achieved by merely pictorial means nor by false pathos.

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As is well known to medical practitioners, Kutnow's Powder is based on an analysis of the famous Sprudelspring at Carlsbad, where it was originally produced. This widely approved preparation therefore constitutes a desirable method of combating the evils of congestion. Doctors also recommend Kutnow's on account of its ingenious formula, its alkaline reaction and freedom from sugar.

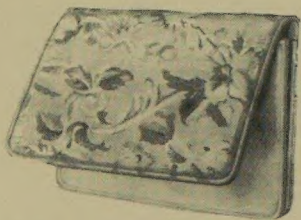
# KUTNOW'S POWDER

## The Enemy of Uric Acid

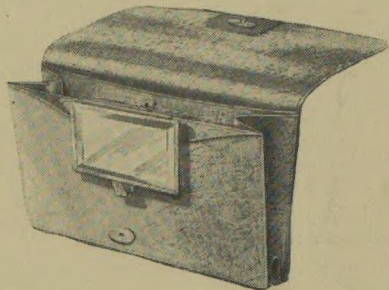
All Chemists or Sole Proprietors, S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd., 204, Phoenix Street, N.W. 1



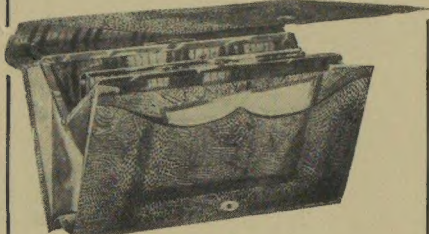
## USEFUL HANDBAGS



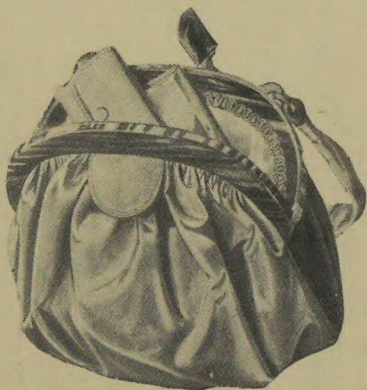
A really attractive tapestry pochette lined soft suede cloth, fitted large mirror and purse. 9 in. x 6 in.  
Special price **12/9** each.



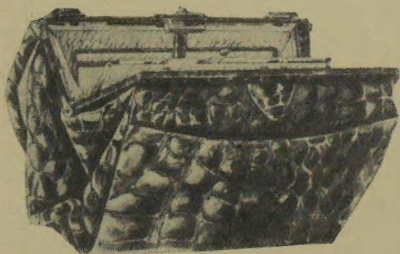
Wonderful value in polished pig-skin, under-arm bag lined leather, with fixed mirror and purse.  
Size 6 in. x 9 3/4 in.  
Price **21/-** each.



Under-arm bag, Lizard grain calf leather. Inner division, large mirror, captive purse, lined good quality hard-wearing striped moirette. Top slip handle. Size 10 in. x 6 in.  
Price **49/6**



Capacious Leather Bag in Nappa. Brown only, mounted on imitation shell frame. Lined suede finished material. Fitted mirror and purse. Size 9 in. x 10 in. **21/-** each.  
Remarkable value.



Best quality crocodile top-opening covered frame bag, outside pocket, fitted centre division and two treasury note large extra inside pockets. Lined through ripple calf, made especially for us. Size 11 in. x 7 in.  
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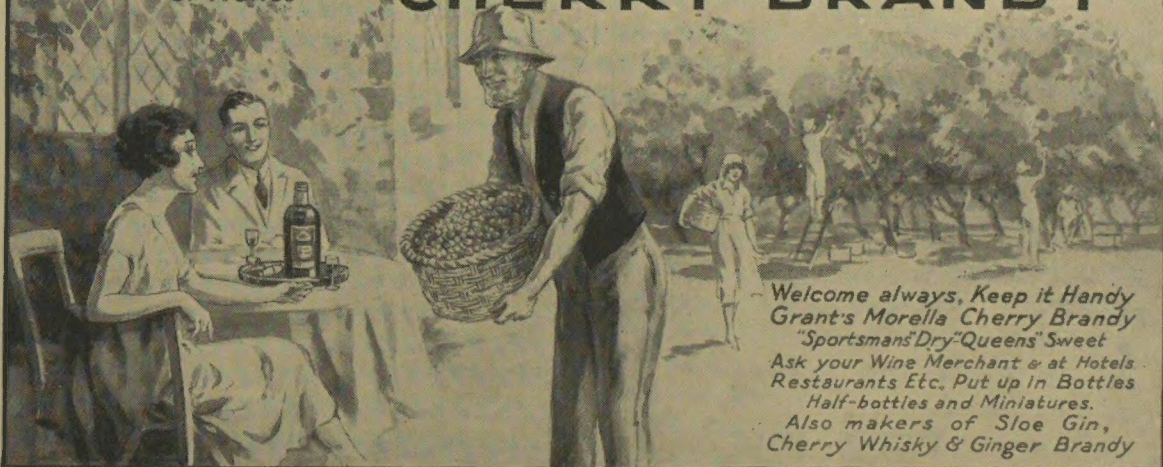
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This wrap is one of many we have specially designed for the Autumn and Winter, and is made in our celebrated Durwardeen. Lined throughout Satin Merve, with collar of Tasmanian Opossum.

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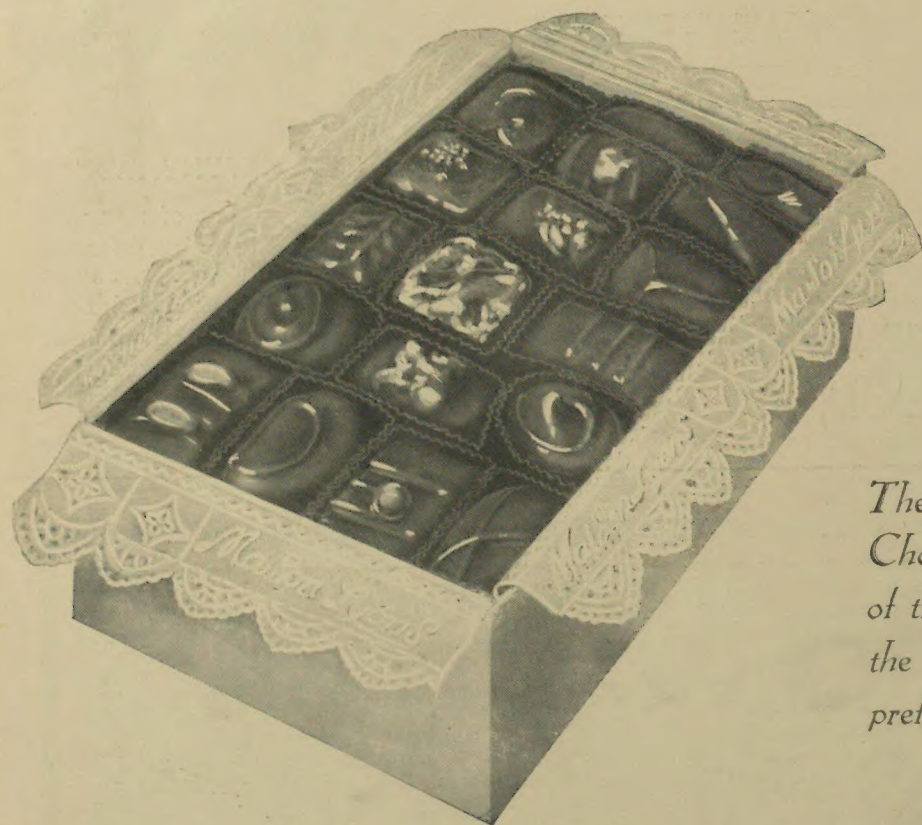
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